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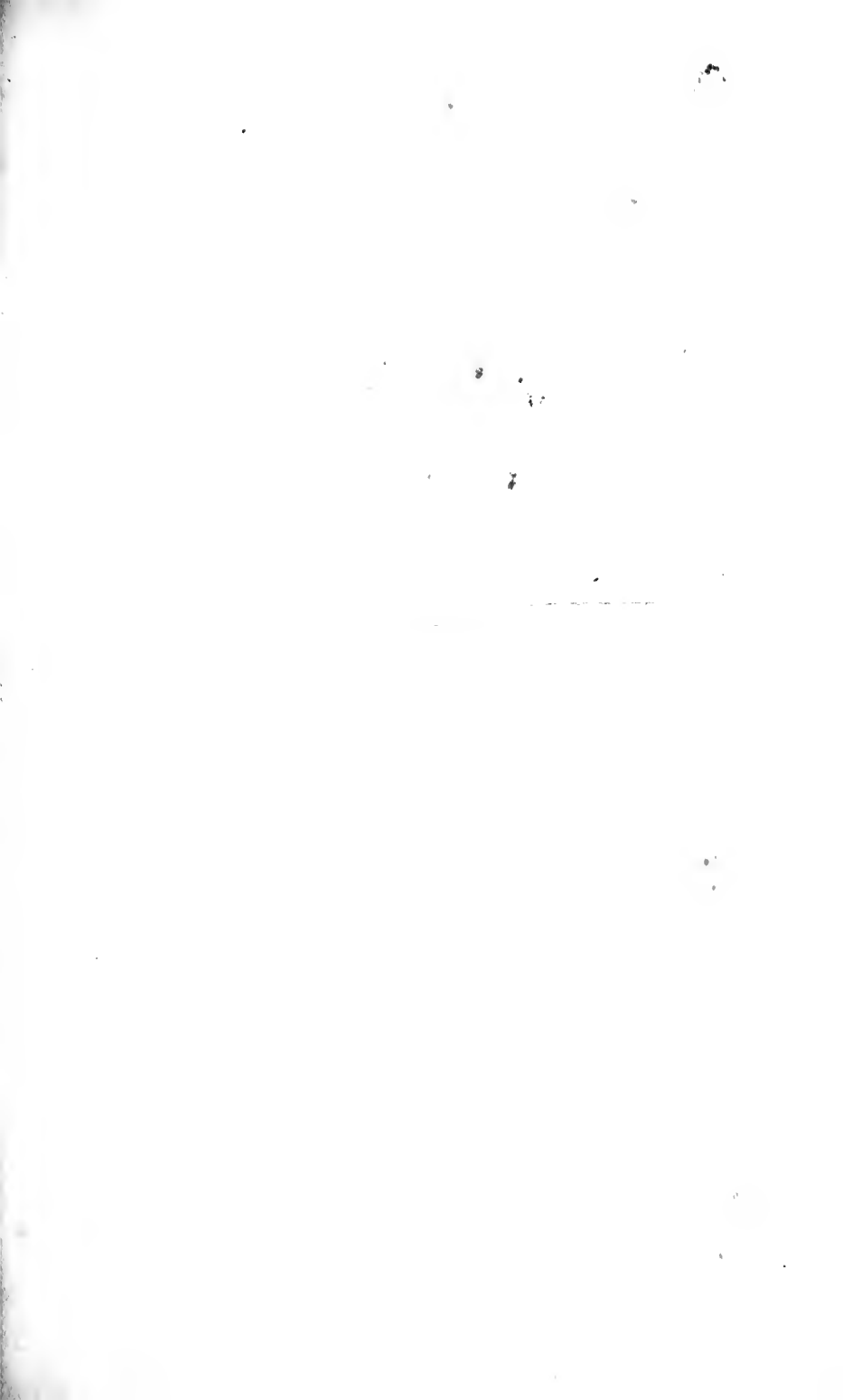
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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

Vol. XVII.

October, 1904.

No. 1.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE JAPANESE.

The nations which figure in the present stage of the world's activities are known as modern nations. In this age of advancement, when, for the most part, civil wars and political strifes have ceased, when popular will holds sway, and educational and industrial, rather than military interests, engage the minds of men, kings and Napoleons no longer fix the destinies of nations. Never before did the law of the survival of the fittest hold such sway, and today, in the realms of the political, military, commercial, and industrial worlds, a nation's intellectual condition marks her fitness.

Therefore, the peoples which are factors in the world's present progress are intellectual peoples, peoples which by their very thriftiness make themselves felt. To the realization of these facts, the people of Japan were awakened about fifty years ago.

In 1854, when Commodore Perry sailed into that Japanese harbor on his mission of friendship, a strange thing happened to the Japanese. Never before had they looked upon a foreign vessel within a harbor of theirs and they at once made preparations for resistance to the invader. So completely were they excluded from the outside world that Commodore Perry spent months in getting access to the proper authorities and in making it understood that his mission to them was one of friendship. It required tact, time, and an indomitable will, but at length, for the first time in history, the walls of prejudice, seclusion, and ignorance were penetrated and Japan came in contact with another world, which infused new vigor into her veins.

He found a people there whose highest ambition was to emulate the deeds of their fathers, upon whom the only intellectual influence brought to bear was that of Buddhistic religion,

Confusian ethics, and Chinese and Japanese arts and literature. All these had been in existence for thousands of years. All foreign ideas and influences were systematically excluded and the complete isolation of Japan was made the supreme policy of the government.

A high tide had at last come in the affairs of Japan, and her people were wise enough to take it at its flood. By the signing of the treaty with the United States, the barriers to foreign intercourse were torn away. Ports were opened to the world. Foreign ideas and institutions entered in. Modern men took the helm of progress and the little nation began sailing on her way to success. This marks the beginning of modern Japan.

The development of this wonderful little people from their earliest contact with foreigners may be divided into four periods. The first, beginning with the opening of the ports to foreigners and covering about a quarter of a century, includes the Revolution of 1868 and the Civil War of 1877. During this time, Japan was quietly observing the civilized conditions of the Western nations, and was preparing her fields for the seeds of civilization.

The second, covering a single decade, includes the adoption of a constitutional government, and the sowing of the seeds of civilization in fields already prepared.

The third begins with 1888, and ends with the Chino-Japanese war of 1894. During this time, Japan was busy gathering the fruits of civilization by acquiring all the essential things which a civilized nation must have to be ranked as a world power.

She demonstrated her position among the nations of the world by her war with China in 1894, but this was grudgingly acknowledged by the European nations. Japan, therefore, in the decade just passed, has, by almost superhuman effort, doubled her military strength, and has rapidly advanced her industrial enterprises and commercial expansion. The outcome of her present war with Russia will end this last period and will determine Japan's standing among the nations of the world.

Politically, the work Japan has accomplished in these few

years is marvellous. In less than half a century, she has brought about the same state of affairs which the European nations reached only after hundreds of years. Less than fifty years ago, the little island was cut up into hundreds of petty feudal kingdoms, one of which the Mikado ruled. By a revolution and a civil war, feudalism was entirely abolished in the island and the Mikado was made supreme. A few years later, at the demands of the people, a constitutional government, modeled almost in detail after that of Germany, was established. Having at first local assemblies as training schools, a representative national legislature was finally instituted. Balloting has been introduced and political parties have been organized. Well educated and experienced men make up the advisory council and assist the Mikado in administering the affairs of the government. In a few words, Japan has a well organized modern government which suits the needs of her people.

Chinese and Japanese literature and learning, such as it was, flourished in Japan two thousand years prior to 1868. Even with this, she was far in advance of many of the other Asiatic nations near her, but at this time, a movement for popular education, after European and American school models, was agitated, and the plan was put into operation, along with the creation of a department of education with a competent councilor at its head. Today, Japan has eight modern universities, numerous high schools and colleges, and every village has its grammar school, all supervised and provided for, to a certain extent, by the central government, while there are numerous private schools in existence. It is estimated that at the present time 10 per cent. of the population of Japan are in school. Her people are a remarkably well educated people, so much so that, although the modern printing press was introduced into Japan only eight years ago, she today has over three hundred daily newspapers, sixteen of which are of national reputation, beside numerous magazines and other periodicals. Where is the modern nation, European or American, that has produced such results in so short a time?

Until very recently, the Japanese have known nothing of

steam power and machinery, but now that they have learned, these are being introduced quite extensively. The cotton, oil, lumber, and other industries are being promoted at present, and, for some time, Japan has not found it necessary to go abroad for her numerous ships, especially those of her powerful navy. Notwithstanding the fact that the country is very mountainous, all parts of the island are now connected by steam railways, and the old streets of even small cities have been widened to admit the electric railway. Telegraph and telephone lines are now in operation throughout all Japan, as a communication both for military and commercial purposes.

Japan's greatest ambition, however, has been and still is, to become a first-class commercial power on the Pacific, and her prominent men have been advocating the enlargement of her commerce for many years. The government has encouraged this by subsidizing her steamship lines and, today, Japanese steamship companies run regular lines of traffic between the principal ports of America, Australia, Europe, and some Asiatic countries. It is enough to say that in the ten years since her war with China, Japan's international commerce has been trebled.

So far, the inventive genius of the Japanese has not been displayed, because he has been busy imitating the civilized methods of the modern men around him. To his credit, however, it may be said that, since he was aroused from his slumbers of ignorance and seclusion, half a century ago, he has lost no opportunity and has spared no expense to improve his condition. With an unbiased mind, he has sought out and appropriated for himself those civilized methods which were best suited to his peculiar condition.

As a result of this broad-minded, common-sense policy, he has brought his people from an unthrifty, uneducated, and inferior condition to a prosperous, enlightened, and superior position; his nation, a few years ago a barbarous, secluded, and almost unheard of little people, on an island somewhere off the coast of China, stands today a world power, a peer with the foremost nations of the earth, the school mistress of the East.

R. E. LEWIS.

PLAYING THE GAME.

ROYAL J. DAVIS.

When Harvard faced Yale on Soldiers' Field, the Saturday before Thanksgiving Day, 1899, the supporters of the crimson were as nearly confident as a son of Harvard allows himself to be on the eve of a meeting with the Yale eleven. To be sure, there was the punting of McBride, the famous Yale captain, to be feared, but, on paper, the chances were even, if not greatly in favor of Harvard.

It was, accordingly, an enthusiastic welcome that greeted the crimson eleven as it trotted on to the field. From some fifteen thousand throats rose the

"Harvard! Harvard! Harvard!

Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!

Harvard!"

the yell that ever, in victory or in defeat, cheers the winners or consoles the losers who have done their best for Alma Mater.

The Harvard stands were a waving mass of crimson, girls in bright dresses and jackets vying with their sturdy companions in tossing aloft the brilliant color that made one entire side of the field a sea of red. Among the thousands that afternoon displaying their loyalty for the crimson, were two distinguished men, returned to Cambridge that they might again behold a victorious Harvard team cross the line of its traditional opponents and trail in the dust the too often triumphant colors of the blue. These men were Governor Walcott, of Massachusetts, and Governor Roosevelt, of New York.

But the wearers of the Blue were daunted neither by the confidence of the Crimson, nor by their strenuous vocal efforts, nor yet by the presence of the governors—if, indeed, they were aware of these two personages, dwarfed that day by twenty-two husky fellows there on the gridiron. On the contrary, the Yale yells gave the Blue eleven as mighty a welcome as its Crimson rivals were receiving, and their side of the field showed a waving mass of color enough to give every Harvard man a taste of the blues.

Then, amid the cheers of forty thousand expectant spectators, who filled the stands completely encircling the field, the game began. The rival yells ceased for a moment, to break out again at intervals with augmented vociferousness from one side or the other over a long run or a difficult tackle.

Before the game was very old, Harvard's confidence seemed justified. Yard by yard Yale was forced back, until the Crimson was far within the territory of the Blue, and the goal of the men from New Haven was drawing perilously near. Harvard was making her five yards with triumphant regularity and a touchdown became apparently a matter of minutes.

At length the Crimson eleven, on a third down, pushed the ball to Yale's one-yard line. Here, in the last ditch, where it was now or never, the opposing teams lined up for the last down. Would Harvard, within a yard of victory, cross the Blue line? Or would Yale give another demonstration of the spirit for which she is famous and once more stop a crushing advance by an invincible rally at the last minute?

So absorbed were the Harvard supporters in the critical situation before their eyes, so eager to see the impending touchdown, that they had somewhat forgotten to cheer. But look across to the Yale stands. Are the partisans of the Blue discouraged? Have they given up hope? Do they despair because a scant three feet is all that lies between them and defeat?

From their cheering you would imagine that it was Yale and not Harvard who stood within the shadow of victory. Their yells do not cease for a moment. Above all the excitement and clamor of that minute of suspense rises the united cry, "Yale! Yale! Yale!" Short, sharp, rapid, you cannot escape the reiterated monosyllable, whose final "l" forces itself into the innermost recesses of your auditory organs. It is the call of Yale, yelling confidence and encouragement and desperate determination to the eleven brave but baffled defenders of the Blue.

The teams line up for the last scrimmage. The whistle blows. Harvard gives the signal. A plung—a halt—a struggle—twenty-two men in a confused heap—the cry of "down!"—a

resolving of the heap into individuals—and the ball lies this side the fatal line. Yale's goal is still uncrossed; the try for touchdown has failed. And amid the ringing, insistent "Yale! Yale! Yale!" McBride punts out of danger. The Blue is playing the game.

But look again. Harvard a second time is marching down the field. Nearer and nearer comes the Crimson to the Yale goal. A touchdown this time sure. But Harvard loses the ball. Yet she holds the Blue for one, two, three downs. Now Yale will have to surrender the coveted pigskin. But no—the wily McBride chooses to lose twenty yards in order to retain possession of the ball, which must in some way or in all be kept out of Harvard's clutches. Not once, but twice, does the Yale captain employ these tactics—for Yale is playing the game today—and at last the Blue is rewarded by the welcome sound of the final whistle.

The score is 0 to 0, but to us, who have been anticipating at least one touchdown, a tie is almost as bitter as a defeat. Yale receives her gallant eleven with lusty cheers, but we file out through the gates in gloomy silence.

* * * * *

Yon may still see, a few miles from Philadelphia, the embankments that mark the struggles of the Revolution about Valley Forge. Here you may behold the house that served as Washington's headquarters during those discouraging days. Standing on this peaceful spot, you find it difficult to realize that here occurred the suffering of that historic winter.

Yet it was in this very place, on this ground now green with the grass that the shivering soldiers must often have longed to see again and which too many of them were destined never to tread more—it was here that Washington fought his most terrible battles and sustained his heaviest losses. Of small advantage was it to him that the British were feasting in New York—he was finding how little strategy avails against the death-white arrows of snow; how the long, bitter siege of winter could be raised only by fortitude and unyielding resolution.

For Washington was playing the game. No brilliant, crowd-

ed stands urged him on to victory; no eager comrades stood by to cheer his every advance, to cover his losses with renewed expressions of confidence. He was fighting, not in the midst of an arena of banners and colors, but alone—in the dreary waste holding together his handful of faithful followers, endeavoring to win the day for a half-hearted Congress and a semi-concerned people. And how he played the game we are living witnesses.

* * * * *

Is the game, then, over? Has the last touchdown been made, the final goal kicked? Will a glance at the board tell the result?

You look—but no figures meet your eye. The score is not yet posted. All around you rages the conflict, ever beginning, never ceasing.

Waste not your moments in straining to see the useless figures. Have you plunged over the line? Do it again. Have you been thrown back? Tackle your opposer, get the ball and make for the goal. In the short space at your disposal run up the best you can—the Eternal Timekeeper will call you from the field when the stop-watch of the years has ticked off your allotted period. Take out as little time as possible—

And above all—

Play the game.

R. J. MENDENHALL'S DONATION TO THE LIBRARY.

L. L. HOBBS.

Several years ago—immediately following the death of Dr. Nereus Mendenhall—Francis R. Cope, a classmate of his at Haverford College, suggested the founding of a library at Guilford in his memory. He made a liberal subscription for this purpose; and the library was founded accordingly. It was Francis Cope's wish that this collection should be mainly on the subject of religious philosophy, though not excluding other books. A good beginning was made by the donation made by the founder, and subsequently many excellent books have been presented to this library, some by Dr. Richard Randolph, of Philadelphia, another classmate of Dr. Mendenhall. Some books also in this collection came from the library of Dr. Mendenhall, being presented by his daughters.

The largest donation to the memory of his brother has recently been made by R. J. Mendenhall, of Minneapolis. This gift brings to the college the most valuable part of the private library of Mr. Mendenhall. Many of these books are of rare value, such as hardly could come to us from any other source. Altogether they contain about 300 volumes. Among them should be mentioned "Art Treasures of Italy," two magnificent volumes by Carl Von Lutzow, containing one hundred full page etchings, forty-seven full page wood engravings, and nearly three hundred text illustrations from paintings and sculptures of the celebrated masters. Two volumes, "Jerusalem Explored," by Ermete Pierotti. These are very large, handsome volumes, and contain many illustrations of the Sacred City. Three volumes, "Picturesque America, or The Land We Live In," edited by William Cullen Bryant, richly illustrated. Two volumes, "Picturesque Europe," a delineation by pen and pencil of the natural features and of the picturesque and historical places of Great Britain and the continent, edited by Bayard Taylor. Three volumes, "Art and Artists of Our Time," by Clarence Cook, illustrated.

Among the lot are forty volumes of "The World's Great Books," containing such works as Jowett's Plato, Carlyle's French Revolution, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Orations and Essays of Burke, Heine's Pictures of Travel, "Autobiography, Poor Richard, Letters," by Dr. Franklin, Hallam's Middle Ages, De Tocqueville's Democracy in America, Green's History of the English People, Don Quixote, Great Plays—Marlow, Johnson, Payne, Browning; and others.

Besides these are many books of great value, as Darwin's Works, various histories, and bound volumes of magazines as follows: American Naturalist, seventeen volumes; The Natural History of Man, by J. G. Wood, five volumes; Blackwoods from the year 1859 to 1871, inclusive, twenty-six volumes; North British Review from '59 to '65, seven volumes; the same of Edinburgh Review, of London Quarterly; Westminster, eight volumes.

This donation will make the Dr. Mendenhall Memorial Library a very valuable part of the college library, and will be the means of future additions to this feature of Guilford's equipments. It will be remembered that less than a year ago, Mr. R. J. Mendenhall presented a collection of books to the college, and the two portraits, one of George Washington and one of Martha Washington, which now hang in Memorial Hall.

We take pleasure in recording the appreciation of these splendid gifts, both on the part of the faculty and the student body, and express our sincere thanks to the donor and our best wishes for the continuance of his long and useful life.

UNCLE IKE'S IDEAS.

"I hears dat Mister Pahker and Mister Davis done been 'lected pṛesident o' dis country," said Uncle Ike one day recently, as he leisurely raked some dead grass and weeds from one of the campus walks.

"Oh, no, Uncle Ike; they were only nominated. The election does not come off until in November."

"Nommynated is dey? Well, onner dese freshmens told me

dat, but I don't put no 'pennence in what dey ses. But it jes' shows," said Uncle Ike, leaning on his rake and becoming earnest, as he always does when speaking of the college, "it jes' shows dat dis edjication here is improving every year."

"Why, what has education at this college to do with Parker and Davis' election?"

"Now, listen at dat, jes' listen at dat," said Uncle Ike, appealing to an imaginary bystander for justification. "Hits got eberything to do wid it. 'Long back in de eighties hit took a mighty long scrabblin' for a man to get 'lected to Congress even, but it wa'n't long 'fore yere come Mr. Gillie Pearson and got 'lected overseer of all de birds dey is in de land; den it wa'n't no time 'fo' Mr. Hammond got 'lected judge of de Pixute Co't of de State of Randolph, an' las' here comes Mr. Davis an' Mr. Parker, which last wa'nt graduated fim dis college no sooner dan las' spring, done got nommynated, er maybe 'lected president of dis country. If dat ain't improvin' I'd lack to know what is."

"But, Uncle Ike, this is not the Parker and Davis that graduated here."

"Oh, go 'long wid you. I 'lowed you was onner dese yere freshmens soon as I see you."

T. Q.

GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

AN EPIC.

(With apologies to nobody.)

Jinky had a little lamp
That once went on a lark,
It crossed its wires and burnt a fuse,
And left 'im in the dark.

Now this same foxy little lamp
Had sure gone on a strike
And when they tried to fix it up,
It still refused to hike.

Now by this time a little crowd
Had gathered round to see,
And Jimmy Morehead spoke out loud
And wise words answered he:

"Boys, in this house there is a man
Who knows how these things be,
So call the Governor for he can
From darkness set us free."

So in he came and fixed around
'Most mad enough to fight,
And soon got things to shining clear
Except—that same small light.

He sent a runner to the shop
To get a second one,
Then set him down to rest awhile,
And here's where all the fun

Comes in. For while he was away
Rabbit and Becky nee McCan
Got their wise heads together
And schemed another plan.

"Let's send for Dogget," Becky cried,
Nor did he cry in vain
For as he spoke they "Happy" spied,
Stepping with might and main,

Right down the hall, with lengthy stride,
Clad in his Sunday best,
Looking right straight ahead, the while
His nose look toward the west.

"Hail to the hero," shouted all
"Happy as any tramp,
"For thou art doubtless just the man
"To fix our Jinky's lamp."

He grabbed the socket in one hand
Some tweezers in the other,
Began to jab, while Rabbit dear
And Becky took to cover.

Then came a vivid lightning flash.
The boys, where were they gone?
In all the space there, round about,
There was not nary one.

Then came a burst of thunder sound,
And "Happy", where was he?
He went through Sellars window sash
And o'er the grass did flee.

He fled into Memorial Hall
Where vesper prayers are said
And sat him there until was asked,
A blessing on his head.

'Twas half past ten, ere he came back
Walking in silent dread,
Only to find a peck
Of acorns in his bed.

The Guilford Collegian

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

Published on the 20th of each month during the Collegiate Year.

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Vol. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1904.

No. I.

Editorials.

We are very anxious to get out a good magazine
To Friends this year, and to do this, we must have the co-
of G. C. operation of the friends of Guilford College. The
COLLEGIAN has been run very successfully at times
and also there have been some few times when it was below
par. Now in order to do what we want to in getting out this
magazine, we must have your financial help. Whether you
be a trustee, an alumnus, or a friend, we trust you will give
us your subscription for the coming year. We will get out eight

issues beginning with the October number, which we are sending you, and we hope these will be worth the amount subscribed.

The subscription, as you will see, is one dollar, payable any time before May 1, 1905. If you are not interested to the amount of one dollar, will you kindly drop us a card stating that you do not want the COLLEGIAN, otherwise we will take it for granted that you have not forgotten old Guilford, or the interests which she fosters.

O. V. W., Bus. Mg'r.

Foreward With the beginning of a new year, the COLLEGIAN wishes to ask that the critical eye be not used too severely until the present staff has had the experience of producing one or two issues. However, they do not wish to be spared entirely, since their success depends upon their knowledge of the opinion others have of them. Yet with the support of all whose duty it is to help them with contributions, they hope to bring forth a creditable magazine.

C. H. W.

Advancement The only natural result of any vigorous organization is progress; and as such, Guilford enters upon the new school year with the loftiest hopes of recording a chapter in her history surpassing any that have gone before. We believe that this will be done, although we feel the temporary loss of our valued dean, Prof. Thomas Newlin, who is spending this year at the University of Chicago preparing himself to serve us better next year.

We also feel that we have lost two strong instructors in the persons of Prof. Charles Evans and Mrs. Lydia N. Blair. However, we are encouraged when we remember that the trustees have secured in their stead Prof. Royal J. Davis, of Earlham, Haverford and Harvard, and Miss Ada Blair.

Prof. Geo. W. White, who previous to this time has been cumbered by matters foreign to his work as an instructor,

has been relieved by Mr. Edward Blair, and is now able to devote his entire time to the work in mathematics. Prof. R. N. Wilson has added improvements to his laboratories which will facilitate the work in chemistry and physics.

Thus, we believe that "Old Guilford" has started out with the determination to make herself one of the leading institutions in the State, and this we feel confident she will do.

C. H. W.

Science at Guilford

It is very gratifying that each year Guilford College is adding to its facilities for scientific study. The installation of the electric plant a little less than a year ago laid the foundation for a broader course in electricity, which is being gradually developed. Professor Binford has been making valuable additions to his biological department, both in library and equipment. The mathematical department under the direction of Prof. Geo. W. White, who is now giving his entire time to this work, is in better shape than ever before in the history of the college. During the past summer Prof. Wilson has installed a new "Climax" gas plant especially for his chemical laboratory. This outfit is of the latest improved type and is certainly a great addition to the laboratory.

Guilford's progress in this line as well as in all others, has been gradual, but sure, and we hope that in a few years it may be the peer of any institution in the South in the breadth and thoroughness of its scientific work. To do this, however, we must have more buildings and greater equipment. At the present time we are very much in need of a physics laboratory and apparatus. We hope that in the not far distant future arrangements will be made for this department, and that we may also have a much needed astronomical observatory.

D. H. C.

Our Students

When the inquiry was made as to how many of our students lived on a farm, a large majority of hands were upraised—hence our student-body comes largely from the country. How proud we

are of such a class of students, for such have always become the bone and sinew of every nation. Henry Ward Beecher added the following beautitude to the list given in Matthew's gospel, "Blessed is the man who is born on a farm and has sense enough to stay there," and history proves that a large majority of the men whom the world calls great were reared in the country. And since "history repeats itself," then certainly some eminent persons must surely be found in embryo among us during this year.

The country-bred boy or girl, strong in body, sound in mind, accustomed to work and ready to meet any emergency, cannot do otherwise than make a good student, a strong athlete and trained college men and women.

Truly the heritage of the country student is a goodly one and it is ours to improve our talents and add fresh laurels to the fame of farm-raised genius.

L. G. W.

Wanted THE COLLEGIAN staff would be very glad to get hold of a copy of the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN for April, 1901, that is Vol. XIII, No. 5. Any one having this number and sending the same to us, will be duly credited with it; and you will greatly oblige us.

FOOT BALL.

W. G. LINDSAY.

The prospects for a good team at the beginning of our foot ball season were not so good as could be wished. We had good material, but it was all inexperienced, the game being new from start to finish. However, having elected a captain, they got down to work, each new man determined to learn the game and to make a place on the team if possible. Since that time these new men have played two games. Though outclassed in certain respects, yet they showed undaunted courage and also made it clearly evident to one watching the game that they had in them the making of a good team.

The improvement expected of the team has surely come. In fact, we are now sure that we will have a better team by the end of the season than we at first hoped. Each man is beginning to know his place and to play his game. Instead of a limited number of men to select from, we have come to the point where the capabilities of the players are so near the same mark and the number is so large, that it is a difficult matter to decide who is the most deserving. Besides these encouraging features, our old captain has returned, bringing with him encouragement for the new men. Hinton, one of the best ends Guilford has ever had, is back in his old place, and will give a good account of himself. Charles Doak is here, and much is expected of him, because he is one of the grittiest players on the gridiron.

With such men what are the possibilities of our team? Our team at present is composed of better men than we have ever had, and they are in fine condition. What they will do, depends upon their persistency. But there is one thing which is certain, we have, with a team inferior to the one we now have, played games which we are proud of. There is another thing which is certain, or the possibility of its not being certain, is so small that we believe it to be certain; that is, from now on we, on returning from our trips, will talk about the game with more relish than we have heretofore. Whoever goes into any

line of business wholesouled and carries with him persistency, never comes short of success. So with our foot ball team. If every man will do the best he can and do this persistently, we shall not come short of success. To put it positively, we shall bring back to Guilford College scores which our institution and we ourselves shall be proud of.

At present the following schedule has been given out, part of which has been played. The dates with Richmond College and Danville Military Institute have not been set:

September 24th, A. & M., at Raleigh.

October 1st, U. N. C., at Chapel Hill.

October 10th, Bingham School, at Guilford College.

October 20th, South Carolina College, at Columbia.

October 21st, Davidson, at Davidson.

October 28th, Richmond College (not yet settled).

October 29th, D. M. Institute.

November 17th, A. & M. College, at Greensboro.

November 24th, Davidson College, at Winston.

TENNIS.

Last year was marked by an awakening of our interest in tennis. Accordingly at the beginning of the spring term a manager was elected, and just before commencement an informal class tournament was held in which the Freshmen, the class of '07, were the winners.

We are now constructing two new courts and preparing to put up back-stop nets to these and to two old ones which are already in good condition. So that before the end of this month we hope to have four good courts.

The first tournament of this year is to be early in November, and will be open to all contestants in singles and perhaps also in doubles, irrespective of class. Besides the tournament this fall, next spring we intend to again have a class tournament with a trophy cup presented to the winning class.

The future prospects of tennis are indeed brightening and before many years have passed we may reasonably expect to have a series of tournaments with other colleges and raise tennis to a more prominent position in our college athletics.

Locals.

DUDLEY D. CARROLL, '07, EDITOR.

180.

And still they come.

Prepare for winter—the jaybird has given warning.

At the reception, the “Quaker Punch” was very popular. Some of the boys drinking as many as twelve glasses.

Doggett wants to know who hit him the hardest. Will some one give him the desired information?

Ask some of the freshman girls who “Peck’s Bad Boy” is.

A few more leaves wanted by the biology class.

A certain young lady suggests that somebody give “Big” Ricks a rattler.

Troy (discussing the willow-oak in biology), “Professor, how are we to know it is an oak when it has willow leaves on it?”

Benbow says the man who ran one hundred yards in ten seconds did not have any show when he got after him in the A. & M. game. We will have several good track-team men if we have many games like that.

First Professor: “Did you graduate at Yale?” Second Professor (a Harvard man): “Why no, man. Are you a native of South Carolina.”

D. Ralph Parker and Robert P. Dicks, both of the class of '04, were visitors at the College during the first week of the term. It is needless to say that they were welcome.

Our sympathies are extended to Jonah Leach, whose brother Frank, a former Guilford student, died recently.

Miss Holland is “earnestly” pursuing her studies.

Ask Hendricks how a fellow feels when he is sent away by the final inexorable “No.”

Snipes: "How do you put out these electric lights?" A neighbor: "Just turn them off." Snipes: "Is there any danger of the gas escaping and killing a fellow?"

The many friends of Miss Clara Boren were glad to welcome her on a visit to the College recently.

One of the Seniors has his valuation in bold figures on his sweater—at least, Miss Lamb thought so.

New Girl No. 1: "Do you know why the electric lights went out last night?" New Girl No. 2: "No, I can't imagine." New Girl No. 1: "Well I do; Miss Louise came down the hall clapping her hands and yelled at the man down at the power-house to stop them."

The girls' tennis club continues to flourish, and under the persistent coaching of Prof. Meredith some are "catching on" to the game.

Among the many visitors during the past month, none was more welcome or received such a warm reception as the former matron, Mrs. Hackney.

"Wilson's Kids" are wondering where so much red ribbon came from. Will Misses Whittemore and Korner explain the mystery?

"Deacon" White is spending a few weeks at the College. He seems to be very much interested in shorthand and typewriting.

The select reading by Prof. R. J. Davis in Memorial Hall recently was greatly enjoyed. Even Prof. White smiled at the following negro blessing:

"Lord look down in tender mercy,
On such generous hearts as dese,
Make us truly thankful. Amen.
Pass dat 'possum ef you please."

David Cowles visited friends at the College while on his way to the University, where he is to be in school this year.

Hudson is a frequent visitor at the station. Luck to you, Glenn.

Personals.

FLORENCE L. ROBERSON, '06, EDITOR.

J. Waldo Moody, '01, is pastor of a Friends' church in Salem, Indiana.

D. R. Parker, '04, is in the insurance business, with office at High Point, N. C.

Miss Lola S. Stanley, '89, is teaching school this year near Goldsboro, N. C.

Garland A. Blair,* a student here in '98 and '99, is in business in Richmond, Va.

Miss Katharine C. Ricks, '04, is spending this year at home. Ruthen Glen, Va.

H. P. Leak is now a travelling salesman for R. J. Reynolds.

Miss Helen Smith is teaching school at Pelham, N. C.

R. C. Willis, '01, is in the navy yard at Norfolk, Va.

L. L. White, '04, stopped at the College for several days on his way to Haverford College, Pa.

A. Homer Ragan, '02, holds a position in a bank at Mt. Gilead, N. C.

J. F. Plummer is in business at Salisbury, N. C.

Wm. Henley, '04, is teaching school at Hasty, N. C.

E. P. Dixon, '04, has also become a teacher, and has a school at Merritt, N. C.

Wm. McCulloch, '03, known as "Josh Billings," is teaching in the West Alabama Agricultural School, Hamilton, Ala.

Miss Clara Boren will be in school at the Normal College this year, taking a business course.

R. P. Dicks, '04, has a position in Greensboro, N. C., with the Hunter Manufacturing Company.

Charles M. Short, '03, is now a Methodist minister in Charlotte, N. C.

C. Gordon Gainey, '04, is spending this year at home on the farm.

Calvin D. Cowles, '00, is still pursuing his course in surgery at Johns Hopkins University, Maryland.

Charles Loughlin, better known as "Johnnie," a student here in '02 and '03, is studying law at Chapel Hill, N. C.

D. H. Cowles is at Chapel Hill this year.

Percy Paisley, a student here in '00 and '01, will graduate at Davidson College this year.

Miss Lucile Armfield, '94, is teaching in the graded school at High Point, N. C.

Miss Alice Cartland, '04, is now at Bryn Mawr College, Pa., having won the scholarship last year from Guilford College.

Miss Lizzie Bradshaw, '04, is teaching school at Round Hill, Virginia.

J. D. Cox, '04, is in business at High Point, N. C.

Y. M. C. A.

NOTES.

Notwithstanding the fact that the association has been hindered somewhat in carrying out its plans for the fall work, at present everything points to a successful year in Y. M. C. A. work. Our active membership roll is larger than it has been, and now consists of the majority of the influential men in college, and our entire membership roll is larger than in preceding years.

Our first meeting, led by Mr. D. R. Parker, of the class of '04, and an ex-president of the association, was well attended and a great success, as well as have been our other meetings. Our new students' reception given by the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. jointly, on the night of September 10th, was a success, and much credit is due the entertainment committees from the two associations.

The association procured Revs. J. E. Williams, of Greensboro, and Eli Reece, of High Point, to conduct a series of meetings on the evenings of September 19th, 20th, 21st and 22d, which were very well attended and the meetings have quickened the life of the association and have shown us our opportunities to carry on the work they began to a greater degree of success.

The Bible Study Committee held their rally in Memorial Hall on the evening of September 29th, and the enrollment has already surpassed that of last year. Mr. P. M. Calbert, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., of Winston-Salem, delivered at that time a very interesting and instructive address on the subject: "The Importance of Bible Study."

The association was severely handicapped in the very outset by the failure of E. J. Coltrane, its president, to return to college, and we yet feel the loss of this most valuable man. The members of the association worked together admirably

well, however, and lost no more time than necessary in starting off and carrying out the work. R. E. Lewis was elected to fill Mr. Coltrane's unexpired term, and A. L. Troy was elected to fill the vacancy in the office of secretary, caused by Mr. Lewis' promotion. T. D. Sharpe was elected to fill the vacancy in the marshal's office, caused by Mr. J. H. Rick's resignation.

This association was represented at the Southern Student Conference, held at Waynesville, N. C., in June, by Messrs. T. D. Sharpe, J. H. Ricks and G. S. Hudson, and the benefit which the conference has been to the association is shown by the work these men have already done this term. We have already seen how valuable the conference has been to the association, and only five weeks of this term have elapsed as yet, so we must by all means have at least eight and certainly not less than six men at the conference in the summer of 1905. A fuller account of the conference is given in another column.

With this much already accomplished, our plans mapped out and our men already at work, we look forward to a very successful year for our association in 1904-'05.

R. E. LEWIS.

THE SOUTHERN STUDENT CONFERENCE.

At the Student Conference held at Waynesville, N. C., the past summer, our Association was represented by three delegates, Messrs. J. H. Ricks, G. S. Hudson, and T. D. Sharpe. It is much regretted that others did not have the opportunity of attending, for it is a fact that to many, this is one of the opportunities which, if not accepted while in college, the privilege may never come again.

Waynesville is located in one of the most beautiful sections of the Southland, enclosed by mountains on all sides, with the healthful influence of the White Sulphur Springs, both of which tend to make this an ideal summer resort, a restful spot to one who has been engaged in college work for the past nine months. No one can appreciate the beauty of nature so well before knowing something of the grandeur of the mountain scenery in and around this portion of North Carolina.

The Students' Conference is composed of the most active, influential and persevering young men found in nine of the Southern States, for is it not this class which is found in our colleges throughout the entire country. By association and contact with this able body of two hundred and fifty men, no one can help from being impressed with the possibilities there are in active Christian work.

Not only was the student body worthy of commendation, but the officers and speakers were the best to be obtained. Many interesting and instructive addresses were given by the various speakers. Some of the most impressive were: "Repentance and Prayer," by Dr. Bosworth, of Oberlin College; "Mediation and Communion With God," by Mr. J. R. Mott; "Character," by Mr. Robt. E. Speer, and "Missions and the Call for Missionaries," by Mr. Brockmann.

Not only was the spiritual side of association work encouraged, but the development of mind and body as well. Athletics played a very important part and received hearty participation from many who were present. The "Blow Out," in which the various delegations displayed their wit along with their yells and songs, also occupied an important place in connection with the encouragement of College spirit.

This conference held at the close of each college year, is instructive for several reasons:

1. By association with other students engaged in Y. M. C. A. work, we receive an inspiration inciting us to more persistent effort.

2. In every undertaking there must be some system, thus by learning the plans of others, we are better prepared to form a policy for our own work.

3. By learning the possibilities for competent workers, brought out in the "Life Work Meetings," we are able to obtain new ideas concerning the field for new workers.

Though our delegation was somewhat small the past year, we hope for the coming year that others will realize the importance of this movement and when the opportunity is given, will enlist as a delegate to the Southern Student Conference.

T. D. S.

Y. W. C. A. Conference

L. GERTRUDE WILSON.

The tenth annual Students' Conference of the Young Women's Christian Association was held in Asheville June 10-21st, with Mrs. Wilbur F. Messer, of the American Committee, as presiding officer.

It were well in the outset to give the keynote of the session as was given us, for this spirit permeated the whole assembly: "We are God's fellow workers." I. Cor. 3:9.

John R. Mott was present at the first meeting and gave one of his inspiring sermons before going on to the Y. M. C. A. Conference.

Dr. M. Alexander taught the Bible class studying "The Acts and Epistles," which proved one of the most interesting and instructive features of the conferences. Equally so was that of Old Testament characters, conducted by Miss May Blodgett. The hour for this study was 9 to 10 each day.

The next hour was given to the students' meetings and missionary conferences, some of the American committee and the different secretaries giving the most approved methods of carrying on the work among the students of our colleges.

The afternoons were devoted to various amusements, drives, and special committee work.

The vesper service seemed most impressive, as the great crowd sat about on the crest of the hill as eager to receive more of the living bread as was that other weary multitude which gathered about the Master at the close of day on the Judean desert nineteen centuries ago.

As a fitting close to those days were sermons by such men as Dr. Alexander James Scherer and Robert E. Speer, who, like the text of a memorable sermon preached by the latter, had "looked unto Him and were radiant."

The colleges and city associations from Virginia to Texas were represented by almost three hundred bright, enthusiastic young women who, after spending ten busy days in the "Land of the Sky," near Nature and her God, went back to their separate posts of duty to fulfill the mission of the Y. W. C. A.

Clippings.

HOW TO KILL A COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

1. Do not subscribe. Borrow your classmate's copy—just be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisers and trade with the other fellow—be a discourager.
3. Never hand in news items, and criticise everything in the paper—be a coxcomb.
4. If you are a member of the staff, play tennis or “society” when you ought to be attending to business—be a shirk.
5. Tell your neighbor that you can get Frank Merriwell's for less money—be a squeeze.
6. If you can't hustle and help make the magazine—be a corpse.—*Exchange.*

WILT THOU?

Wilt thou take her for thy pard,
 For better or for worse;
 To have, to hold, to fondly guard,
 Till hauled off in a hearse?
 Wilt thou let her have her way,
 Consult her many wishes;
 Make the fire every day
 And help her wash the dishes?
 Wilt thou comfort and support
 Her father and her mother,
 Aunt Jemima and Uncle John,
 Three sisters and a brother?
 And his face grew pale and blank;
 It was too late to jilt;
 As through the chapel floor he sank,
 He faintly said, “I wilt.”

—*B. B. & S. Type Book.*

Although athletic girls are strong,
 And run and jump and row,
 A girl who never trained at all
 Can draw a six-foot beau.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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No. 2.

IN CAROLINA.

Down here in Carolina, when the corn leaf turns to gold,
All Nature sweetly smiling, gives her children wealth untold;
When the cotton turns to silver, the leaves to crimson grow,
The gift, a priceless prize, is held for God has made it so.

Down here in Carolina when the breeze to perfumes turned,
Sweeter than the incense, which to heathen gods is burned,
The children of the hill and plain and dale in joy aglow,
Hold the gift a priceless prize, for it was God that made it so.

Down here in Carolina, when the wintry chills begin;
When the home is bare of comfort and even death comes in—
Then her children for surcease of agony may go
To Him, the Priceless Treasurer, for God has made it so.

T. Q.

THE AMERICAN LABORER.

The human race has struggled along through the ages with alternate periods of hope and despair, and has reached its present stage of development through many hard and discouraging experiences, through severe struggles and through seas of blood, until to-day we are living in the midst of a brilliant civilization. Upon every hand the genius of intellect is painting even nature with an additional splendor and turning the rough elements into wealth, beauty and comfort for the human race.

Every nation has felt the influence of the common laborer, but nowhere has this influence been more strongly felt than in

America. Through all the centuries the world has been suffering for just what America possesses today—plain livers, high thinkers and honest toilers. Here we see a genius peculiar only to the Anglo-Saxon race, composed of labor and capital, and of these two classes the laborer is most honored. To him we owe our present stage of enlightenment; by him our country has been brought to that age of prosperity which we call the epoch of industrial development. Through his efforts the material world in America has been revolutionized. His honest toil and perseverance have tunneled the mountains, spanned the chasms and crossed the prairies until the North, South, East and West are connected by a complete network of railroads. They have almost annihilated space and time. They have filled our coffers, enlarged our commerce, cultivated our desolate fields, and to the American citizen brought peace and prosperity. Through their influence civilization has spread from the great Lakes to the Gulf, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate. Cities have sprung up as if by magic and become great centers of commerce and industry. On every hand is heard the sound of the hammer, the whirl of the spindle, the hum and buzz of the noisy world which is characteristic of our age.

But it is not his achievements in the material world which make the American laborer a typical one; it is rather his influence upon society at large. He endeavors to unify society upon the broad plane of equality. He has wrought for man an incalculable benefit through various clubs, fraternal orders and religious organizations. Through *these* man's burden has been lifted and he stands forth free with the opportunity of partaking in the highest inducements of life. Today the American laborer is better fed, better cared for, more ambitious and patriotic than any laborer upon the face of the globe. This probably is more fully realized when we know that the laborer possesses the only true home to be found in America. Around his fireside hovers a benign influence which has elevated the standards of life and inspired hope and dignity in the youthful breast.

In America no more loyal citizen can be found than the laborer. No one "can yield to just rule a more loyal submis-

sion," yet when the uniting of capitalists has brought oppression upon him he has defied the courts, the legislative bodies and even the government itself, and never once have his attempts been in vain. They have been the bone and sinew of our nation in times of stress and strain. When arguments for oppressed Americans had ceased to prevail and an appeal to arms was made, the toilers' sons marched boldly forth to her rescue, and through the immortal victories of Lexington, of Saratoga and of Yorktown struck these vast colonies from the diadem of England. They have borne the burden of responsibility during our nation's distress. No soldiers have equalled them in steadfastness, endurance and fortitude. They have carried "Old Glory" from tropic to frigid zone, from Eastern to Western hemisphere and upon all the navigable waters of the globe. But never once has this mighty emblem in its wonderful career been lowered except by American authority. They have left as fadeless monuments of the heroic deeds the records of Bunker's Hill, of Gettysburg and of Guilford Court House, which shall ever stand as emblems of American liberty.

Perhaps the influence of the laborer is felt at no time greater than during our political campaigns. He is sought in the mines, in the factories, in the work shops and upon the highways. The man with an office in view realizes that his only hope is through the common laborer, that the ignoring of the masses is inevitably disastrous, and when he neglects the laborer he is leading not towards prosperity, but to an inevitable defeat. This influential toiler elects our presidents, our senators and our representatives who make our laws and execute them. Thus realizing the dependence of the nation upon the laborer we can justly call this the home of the toiler.

The thousands of foreigners who land at our wharves annually, see in the pathway of the laborer wealth, fame and influence. They see every man a partaker of the government under which he lives. They see liberty as old as the history of our nation, as eternal as truth, as precious as life itself, embodied in every form of American life, and they rejoice because they have cast their lot with the progressive, liberty-loving, enlightened sons of toil.

The laboring class of America has contributed to the human race the best type of citizenship the world has ever produced. They have solved the great problems of the nineteenth century and given to their mother country the spirit of freedom. It was her sons Andrew Jackson and Thomas H. Benton who wiped out all traditions and tendencies towards monarchy and aristocracy, and planted deep in American soil the tree of democracy. Through their efforts the name of America is written high upon the scroll of fame. Through their efforts the old "Ship of State" was launched upon the mighty billows mid a raging storm, and under their guidance she will sail steadily on declaring to the world at large that she guards the interests of the human race.

It was her son, Wm. A. Graham, who opened the doors of Japan to civilization, and thus made a beginning of a final settlement of the Asiatic question. Her sons have done great deeds and thought great thoughts wherever they have gone. No statesmen have surpassed them in integrity, purity and patriotism.

Then all hail to the laboring class of America, who are the promoters, preservers and defenders of our nation; may they continue to be the perpetrators of democratic America; may they ever keep her flag unspotted, her character unstained and her reputation exalted. Then let these noble sons ever march on in the name of the toiler, and launch forth into the world's great battles with a high resolve to win fresh laurels in humanity's name, and as the noon-day sun of the twentieth century looks down upon this nation in its plentitude of power, may it behold the laborer ever active in achieving America's brightest destiny.

WILEY R. PRITCHETT.

A NOBLE TYPE OF WOMANHOOD.

Cordelia was the youngest and most beloved daughter of King Lear. She, however, through her staunch and unswerving natural disposition to deal honestly with her father, incurred his hatred, he being in a childish rage of passion. She saw clearly the cloaks of deception which her two sisters were assuming toward him—by telling him that they loved him more than words could express; but she chooses to be honest and true rather than popular and rich. By this very act she has exemplified an ideal of womanhood almost without parallel.

She had the greatest love and respect for her father, and would do almost anything to please him. However, from the fact that she would reveal herself just as she was, in meekness and lowliness of heart, we see her an outcast, hated by her father and sisters. Such a character one cannot help admiring, a character in which there is perfect tranquility of soul, who counts all but loss for the sake of virtue and righteous action.

Cordelia attracts the attention of every reader. Everything in her lies beyond our view and affects us through our feeling rather than our perceiving. She comes to us by inspiration, not by sight. Even when she is before us, we rather feel than see her presence; so much more is suggested than expressed; so much more meant than meets the eye. What we see is forgotten in the intensity of our thought and feeling. She affects us through finer and deeper susceptibilities than our sub-consciousness can grasp.

She has a quiet, deep and fascinating reserve. Though she nowhere says anything indicative of much intelligence, she always strikes us as very wise. Her intelligence is so bound up with her affection, that she cannot draw it into expression by itself; it is held in perfect solution with all the other elements of her nature. She cannot talk her thoughts to the ear, without talking them equally, and at the same time to the eye. Her intelligence shapes itself into life, not into speech; finds its expression in nameless benignity in which her entire being speaks at once.

Cordelia exemplifies the workings of filial piety, a piety which may be termed religion acting under the noblest and most sacred relation of human existence. She does not think of her piety at all, but her piety prompts her to think. Her every thought and emotion issue in deeds which are the pulse of moral life. Her entire frame is so compactly joined together, all the elements of her nature so perfectly intertwined, that the whole has to move together.

Such a woman influences those about her not so much by virtue of what she thinks and says, as by virtue of what she is; she teaches them before they know it or she knows it, to love and respect herself, and in herself to love and respect her sex. This one lesson once learned, gives one the true wisdom, the deep and pure instruction that ideal womanhood is capable of producing.

The sad thought comes when we see that Cordelia's perfect truth—the thing we most love her for—should have proved her greatest enemy. A sad thing that she and her father should have been torn asunder by the very thing which should have bound them most closely together. But so it has been and perhaps ever will be, in this world of ours, that loud pretence snatches away the prize, while silent worth is toiling to deserve it; yet both gain their ends; for the one looks to reward, the other to merit; and thus does virtue always triumph, for she always

“Plays in the many games of life that one—
Where what she most doth value must be won.”

PROF. C. O. MEREDITH.

PHILAGOREAN-CLAY RECEPTION.

"There is a time in each year,
Which we all hold dear."

Every one who has ever been a member of either of the literary societies at Guilford College, will not hesitate in telling you that the receptions given by these societies are among their most pleasant memories. At least, it may be vouched for that no "Clay" who visited the "Phis" on the evening of November 11th, will soon forget the royal good time he had while there. This reception was indeed a treat both socially and intellectually. The "Phis" can always be relied upon for something good and this was no exception. A trio by Misses Williams, Blair and Watson was the first on the program, and showed the great talent of those who rendered it. The debate which followed on the question, "Resolved, that immigration should be restricted," was a signal success. Misses Shamburger and Henly upheld the affirmative, while Misses Langston and Wilson ably defended the negative. The affirmative painted all the horrors of immigration imaginable, and handled the subject well; yet the negative handled their side equally as well and laid special stress on the argument which is set forth in the words, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." It was a grand effort by able speakers.

The remainder of the program was a solo by Miss Jones and a recitation by Miss Cartland. The natural musical talent of Miss Jones, coupled with careful preparation, made her solo an interesting feature of the occasion. Of Miss Cartland's recitation it may be said that it made a fitting final to the program, as the best is usually last.

After adjournment, refreshments were served, along with souvenirs of the occasion. By means of "jumbled up" letters on a card, each lady found the name of her partner and with him proceeded to solve the conundrums which were furnished. It is needless to say that this part of the reception was enjoyed by all.

Before any one hardly realized it, the time of "Good nights" came, and the "one" time of the year for the "Clays" at least, was a thing of the past.

D. D. C.

The Guilford Collegian

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No. 2.

Editorials.

A YOUNG MAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

At the present day there is no well qualified reason why any young man may not obtain an education. This statement carries with it an import which should attract the thought of each and every one.

Let us consider some of the advantages which the youth of today has at his command. First of all, are the well equipped primary and secondary schools which have made such great

advancement within the last decade. Here he can secure the best beginning, which means much in his later study. In the second place are the intermediate and high schools which direct his mind in the channels of the best methods of study. In the third class are the colleges and universities where his mind is trained in fields of classic and scientific research. All of these are being equipped better and better, so that it seems that the only natural thing for a young man of today is, or ought to be, to take advantage of these opportunities.

While our chief concern is the college education, mention must be made of the other institutions, without which there could be no higher education. The young man who will make a success in this age is the one who has "grit" enough to get college education even though it may cost him time and work. There are all kinds of work which can be done by the student outside of school hours that will reduce his expenses; and there are people who are only too anxious to help deserving persons if they will only show that they merit help. Although it may take a year or more longer to obtain an education thus, because of the lack of means to "push" through, yet when it has been secured they will realize what it has cost, and in all probability will make life more of a success simply because of the test which they have withstood in preparation.

It should be a discouragement to none that they have to work while at school for the day is past when distinction is made between him who does manual labor and him who does not. It is brains, not brawn, which make distinction.

C. H. W.

Debating Within the last few years the colleges of our country have begun to realize more than ever before that they are the battlefield of youth just as much as the broader world is the arena of more mature manhood. Today the college man is demanded in every walk of life. No longer is he looked upon as the dainty dude who knows nothing of practical affairs, but he is regarded as the robust son of

a noble institution, trained to understand and lead his fellow-man.

It is natural, therefore, that debating should take—as it is beginning to do—an important place in the college world. Although magazines and newspapers have in a large measure taken the place of the orator, yet the influence of the speaker and public debater will always be peculiar and far-reaching. Our complex civilization, with its great social and industrial problems, demands leaders who not only possess power of character, determination and knowledge, but who know how to present their views and organize their forces. In this the power of debate is supreme. Whether spoken or written, it is always the organizer's method of attack, his first and continual resort.

It is therefore necessary that our college men, who are soon to be the leaders in every phase of life, should devote considerable time to debating while in college. But the work in the literary societies is not sufficient. They must have the inter-class and the inter-collegiate contest. Many colleges and universities have adopted this plan and found it very satisfactory. Why should not more of our colleges follow their example?

D. H. C.

**Where are
the Story
Tellers?**

There is a dearth of story-tellers in our college. In almost any of the college magazines except ours some bright, interesting story is found. What is the reason? Does the strenuous life or the strictness of our government choke out this romantic muse?

There seem to be enough sentimental Tommies and Miss Tommies and it is plausible that an autobiography of either would enliven our pages.

Co-educational institutions are supposed to be makers of fiction, but it may be that things and folks are so nearly perfect that there is no room for one to draw further on his imagination and all are realized ideals; if so, will not some of our students kindly furnish us a personal sketch?

This burden should also weight upon the consciences of the three literary societies.

L.

Athletics.

GUILFORD, 0; DAVIDSON, 5.

The game of foot ball between Davidson and Guilford at Davidson on October 21st was probably the best game of the season so far, for our team.

Our boys had been beaten the day before at Columbia by South Carolina College, and were just sore enough and in bad enough humor to put up a good fight. On arriving at Davidson, and before dinner time had come, the team found a nice, sunny spot on the college campus and held an experience meeting which will be remembered quite a while.

Guilford kicked to Davidson, who received the ball on their 35 yard line, and returned the ball to the center of the field. They, like South Carolina, were unable to make any large gains through our line, so they, too, changed their plays and Wyman, their quarter, carried the ball around our right end for a touch down. After making a nice 35 yard run, they failed to kick goal, and the score of 5 to 0 was not changed during the remainder of the game.

Guilford received the ball from the kick-off in the second half and by the good head work of L. Hobbs, our boys steadily forced the ball down the field to the 25 yard line. Here the Davidson boys held us for downs, and Clark attempted a drop kick. This, however, was blocked by the Davidson center, and the ball was secured by the Davidson boys. The balance of the half was finished near the center of the field with the ball in the possession of first one team and then the other.

Charlie Doak, the "old war horse," was in the game from start to finish in both the Columbia and Davidson games. All the boys, in fact, played together, and kept Davidson from having the walk-over they had expected.

Guilford lined up as follows:

Doak, left end.

W. Hobbs, left tacklt.

Snipes, left guard. Sloop, substitute.

Armond, center. Stockard, substitute.

Bagby, right guard. Lentz, substitute.

Farlow, right tackle.

Martin (Clark), right end.

Benbow, right half back. Fetzner (Capt.), substitute.

Anderson, left half back. McCallie, substitute.

Thornburg, full back. McKay, substitute.

L. Hobbs, quarter back. Wyman, substitute.

Time of halves, 15 minutes.

Umpire, Mr. Wilson. Referee, Mr. Munroe. Linesman, Mr. McConnell.

GUILFORD, 4; SOUTH CAROLINA, 21.

Guilford lined up against South Carolina in Columbia October 20th, and took a "licking" of the "Palmetto Boys" by the tune of 21 to 4. Our boys were stiff and tired from loss of sleep. They put up a rough game, however, for Carolina seemed unable to make much ground through our line. They then changed their tactics and on a delayed pass or two, and some good end runs, they passed the goal line four times. Only once did Guilford come near scoring. Clark, our left half, secured the ball on a fumble and made a beautiful 35 yard dash; he probably would have made a touch down, but he had been dazed by a lick on the head sometime previous, and was very weak.

The spectacular play of the game was a place kick from the 40 yard line. South Carolina punted to Guilford. L. Hobbs, our quarter, made a fair catch on the 40 yard line right on the edge of the field, and W. Hobbs, our star tackle, kicked the goal.

Guilford lined up as follows: Ormond, center; Snipes, left guard; Hobbs, W., left tackle; Doak, left end; Moore, right guard; Farlow, right tackle; Martin, right end; Hobbs, L., quarterback; Clark (Capt.), left half; Benbow, right half; Thornburg, full back.

Locals.

DUDLEY D. CARROLL, '07, EDITOR.

Candy! More candy!! Most candy!!!

"Did you see the bears?"

My! how those kids played ball.

A nuisance—"Dominecks" noise.

The "Preps." have found a panacea for homesickness, viz: playing "William Tremble-toe" at classmeetings.

We are glad to welcome Walter Haynes, a former student, who has again entered school.

It is said that Miss Barbee almost "collapsed" when she heard that the Winston reservoir had bursted. She found later, however, that "one" at least survived to tell the story of the disaster.

Vincent, better known as "Lazarus," wants to know where the Sunday evening prayer meetings are held. He says he is going to make a deeper study of the Bible in order that he may at least make a "D" in scripture on his next "deportment."

President and Mrs. Hobbs gave an "at home" to the cottage girls recently. Those who were so fortunate as to have an invitation report a most enjoyable evening.

Miss Etta Blair, of Asheboro, was the guest of her sister and friends at the college recently.

Professor of History—When did Columbus discover America?

Lamb.—In the year 1456.

Frazier is using a new face lotion, namely: "Tarheel Lini-ment" and Hudson says it's working wonders.

Miss Whittemore, in her sleep, "I'll leave my happy home for you." It's a question of great interest to some of the boys as to who is meant by that "you."

The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. were fortunate in having with them during the past month Mr. Pettus, general secretary of student volunteer movement, and Miss Hopper, Y. W. C. A. secretary for the Carolinas.

The lecture given by Mrs. Hobbs on "Charles Wagner and the Simple Life," was one that should make all seek to know more concerning this great man and the plan of life which he upholds.

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen! From Lewis, a roommate. When last seen he was going in the direction of the station. Any information as to his whereabouts will be appreciated.

Joseph Blair, '97, of Birmingham, Ala., visited relatives at the college during the past month.

After having heard the 23d Psalm read at devotional exercises, Louis Hobbs said: "The Lord's prayer sounds sweeter every time I hear it read."

"Hallowe'en" was duly celebrated by the "Ghosts of Guilford." The local editor does not know the order of exercises, but was informed that they were concluded with a flag raising. Anyway, there was a "peculiar flag" flying from the flag pole on the following morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Wildman, of Selma, Ohio, spent a part of their "honeymoon" as the guests of Prof. and Mrs. White, who gave them a reception while here. Mrs. Wildman is a sister of Mrs. White.

Guilford College Graded School has opened with Eugene Coletrane in charge, assisted by Misses Redding and Stanley. The attendance is very large (over one hundred), and new names are being enrolled almost every day.

Rube—"Say, Becky; I heard them talking about pies (TS) in that solid geometry this morning.

Becky—"Do you reckon they are in there now? Anyway, I'll back you out going in there and taking a little search for them."

Candy social, tennis tournament, minstrels and the election, all in one week. Truly the fates have been propitious.

The Schubert String Quartette, of Boston, rendered a very interesting program on the evening of the 7th. It is rare that we have an opportunity of hearing such accomplished musicians, and it was indeed a treat to lovers of high class music.

While practicing foot ball a few days ago, Oscar Sellars had an accident that came very near resulting seriously. He was struck on the head and in the side and was unconscious for several hours. We are glad to say that his injuries are almost well.

Can you guess—

Why Troy didn't hit the ground harder when he fell from the flag-pole?

How much candy "them freshmen" eat?

What makes Becton so "pigeon-toed?"

Where Miss Fraser got that "string of pepper."

Why Miss Woody thinks houses are not complete without "Sellars?"

What "Big" Ricks dreamed about when he was critic in society?

How high Petty is?

Why Prof. Davis said it would take a moving picture machine to keep pace with Miss Jones' change of mind?

Why Lewis sings so much?

Personals.

FLORENCE L. ROBERSON, '06, EDITOR.

Joseph Blair, '97, is now superintendent of a cotton mill in Alabama.

Thomas Coble, a student here at one time, is now in the Morganton hospital for treatment.

Ernest Benbow, known as "Peck," visited the college a few days ago.

Miss Emma King, '01, is teaching in the graded school at High Point, this year.

Miss Maria Bristow, '03, is at Richmond College, Va.

Miss Flora Harding, '03, is teaching in the graded school at Pomona, N. C.

Miss Ora Ham is studying to be a trained nurse in a hospital at South Bethlehem, Penn.

Charles Welborn is clerking in a store at Henrietta, N. C.

Miss Ida E. Millis, '03, is teaching in the Corinth Academy, Virginia.

"Miss Sallie Stockard," —, was recently married to Mr. Magness, and is now living at Magness, Ark. THE COLLEGIAN wishes them much happiness.

J. M. Lindsay is teaching school near Madison, N. C.

Miss Annie Lyle Davis is taking a business course at the Normal College this year.

W. W. Allen, '99, is engaged in business in Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Anna Gleaves, a student here in '99, was married to Mr. William M. Whitman on October 26th. They now reside on Reed Creek, near Wytheville, Va. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.

Charles Glenn, at one time a student here, is now engaged in business in Charlotte, N. C.

Marvin Hardin, '04, is studying law under his brother in Blacksburg, S. C.

Miss Iro Trueblood is now teaching in the city schools of Danville, Ind.

Percy Worth, '98, is travelling for an electric company in Massachusetts.

Miss Annie Tomlinson is teaching school at Asheboro, N. C.

Miss Mamie Holt is studying to be a trained nurse in The Woman's College, Philadelphia.

Miss Genevieve Tate is at St. Mary's School, Raleigh, N. C.

Miss Cammie Lindley will graduate at Salem Academy this year.

Miss Ocia Redding is teaching in the Guilford Graded School this year.

P. D. M. Lord, '03, is now at the University of California taking a law course.

Y. M. C. A.

MISSION STUDY.

Since the last issue of THE COLLEGIAN, the various committees have been actively at work and much has been accomplished. Although the Mission Study Committee has had no rally, yet at the prayer meeting on Sunday evening, October 16th, Prof. Binford presented the subject of missions and mission study, and the committee, by systematic and thorough canvassing, enrolled twenty-one men in the courses. (1) A study of the comparative religious and (2) "Knights of the Laborum," led by Prof. R. Binford and J. M. Purdie, respectively. Then the subject was again presented on the evening of November 2d by Mr. W. B. Pettus at one of his addresses, and after another systematic canvass, fifteen more men were added to the enrollment, necessitating the organizing of two new classes, one a second division of "Knights of the Laborum," led by D. H. Couch, the other "Japan and Its Regeneration," led by Prof. R. J. Davis. We are very glad to note then that our mission study has nearly doubled itself within the past year, having now thirty-six men enrolled, in four classes, studying three interesting and instructive courses.

On November 4th, 5th and 6th, Messrs. J. H. Ricks, W. R. Pritchett and Robt. Denny, as delegates from this association, attended a Bible Study Mission Study Institute, held at Trinity College, Durham. These institutes are a great help in training men for the association work, and as a result of this recent institute, the Bible Study Committee are already planning to increase our Bible Study enrollment, now at the fifty mark. Besides this, it has quickened and will quicken the life of the association work in every department. A fuller account of this institute and its work appears in another column.

Mr. W. B. Pettus, referred to above, is one of the traveling secretaries and is making a tour of the Southern colleges in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions. He was with us on November 2d and 3d, giving two

helpful addresses, interviewing the students, and enlivening the association work in general. While here, both in his public addresses and private interviews, Mr. Pettus presented the needs of the foreign fields and the duty of every Christian man to consider this in choosing his life work in a practical and common-sense way. Mr. Pettus spoke in such real and unmistakable terms that many of us have been forced to give this a serious consideration in the choosing of our life-work, though at the present time this association has only one volunteer

E. L.

BIBLE STUDY AND MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

One of the many advantages which the Y. M. C. A. each year offers to a college man is that of giving him the opportunity to meet with men from other colleges, at some central place, and under good leadership, there to find out what others are doing and how they are doing it, and to get suggestions for the carrying on of his own work.

Last year such a meeting was held at Chapel Hill and this year Trinity College kindly consented to entertain it. Accordingly on the fourth of November there assembled at Durham a body of young men representing eight of the schools and colleges of this State.

The meetings were opened by General Secretary of Student Volunteer Movement, Mr. W. B. Pettus, in an earnest appeal for student volunteers, his subject being titled "Investment of a Life." In the course of his talk he pointed out that no profession showed so great a need for workers as did the mission field, and asked if some of those present were not willing to bear the light into the dark regions of heathenism.

On the second day Mr. Lester McLean, traveling secretary of Y. M. C. A. Bible Study Department, arrived and took up the discussion of the work of the Bible Study Department. In discussion of the work of the Bible Study Department. In his clear, forceful manner, he showed how the work should be conducted in order that the best results might be reaped. On the same day Mr. Pettus held several conferences on (or in regard to) mission study work and inspired the men with a new

determination to forward the study in their respective colleges.

Of the meetings held on Sunday two of the best were a consecration meeting led by Mr. Pettus, and an evening meeting in which Mr. McLean spoke on "The Student Movement at Large." Both these were especially impressive and inspiring.

J. H. R.

EXCHANGES.

F. B. HENDRICKS, '05, EDITOR.

"All things come to round him who will but wait," seems to be only partially true so far as our exchanges are concerned. It may be, however, it is because we have not waited long enough that we have received no more visits from our contemporaries. At any rate we prefer to think this, rather than that we have been forgotten or neglected. We wish to learn of the inner life of other institutions, and this we cannot do without the aid of the college paper.

There is, however, among those that have come to us some very interesting reading.

The *Red and White* is to be congratulated on recent improvements in outward appearances; and we are glad to note that its attractiveness is not limited to its covers, for both the September and October issues contain some very interesting fiction interspersed with essays, verse, etc. "Her Fortune," "In Letters of Blood," and "Megnonette," are all good. The first mentioned is told in a clear, easy style, and holds the interest of the reader throughout. "In Letters of Blood" is all its name suggests, and while it could lay no just claims to literary merit, it nevertheless deserves special mention. We hope the *Red and White* may continue to live up to the high standard set by its first issues of the year.

The *Haverfordian* contains little more than reports of athletic and other events. We are accustomed to judging college magazines not by what they really are so much as by what can justly be expected of them. It is thus we feel that the *Haver-*

fordian for October is not what it should be. There is a decided lack of literary contributions, which detracts in a marked degree from its interest to the public.

In the October number of the *Davidson College Magazine* are several interesting stories, to one of which, "A Change of Creed," we wish to call especial attention. The author shows a skill in workmanship not usually seen in college magazines. We note with regret that the editor-in-chief tenders his resignation with this issue and can only hope that his successor may prove an equal success.

The *Phoenix*, while in a way good, shows a dearth of literary contributions. There are one or two short stories which are worth the reading, but they are rather too short and are not all one would naturally expect of the *Phoenix*.

The following complete our list of exchanges: *The Buff and Blue*, *The Penn Chronicle*, *The Westonian*, *The Wilmingtonian*, *The Collegian*, *The Brown Alumni Monthly*, and the *George School Ideas*.

We realize that at the beginning of each school year the college magazine is handicapped in many different ways. As a rule the editorial staff is new and inexperienced and finds it difficult to get its organization perfected and in working order in time for the first issue. Then there is the difficulty of obtaining contributions, and, finally, there are usually an array of reports which of necessity crowd out the more interesting material. In view of all this, we feel justified in saying that college journalism in so far as we have been able to judge, has as a whole, made a creditable beginning this year.

DIRECTORY.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

PHILAGOREAN SOCIETY.

PRES.—Mary D. Holmes.
SEC.—Florence Hendricks.

HENRY CLAY SOCIETY.

PRES.—Dudley D. Carroll.
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TENNIS MANAGER—J. H. Ricks.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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LYDIA N. BOWERMAN BLAIR.

PRISCILLA B. HACKNEY.

Lydia Bowerman Blair was the daughter of Thomas and Mary Hoeg Bowerman and was born 6th month, 1st, 1851 at Cambray, Canada.

Receiving her early education in the public schools of Canada and New York, she afterward entered Earlham College, and graduated from that institution in the class of '77. After teaching at Earlham one year, she went to Pickering, Ontario, and for five years taught in the Friends School at that place which is now known as Pickering College. She married Franklin S. Blair on New Year's 1884. He was at that time conducting a private High School at Summerfield, N. C., and she became an important teacher in this school. This school building was destroyed by fire, so in the summer of 1889 she and her husband went to Menola, Northampton county, and took charge of the Academy at that place.

In 1891 the Trustees of Guilford College elected Lydia Blair, a member of the faculty of the College, which position she held until the spring of this year (1904) when failing health necessitated her resignation. Her long and faithful service at Guilford College bore much fruit and she made many warm friends among the faculty, the students and all with whom she came in contact. Indeed many of the readers of this will find it difficult to think of the College without having Mrs. Blair in mind.

It was the one farthest from home, or most in need of a word of sympathy to whom Mrs. Blair directed her attention. Many a sorrowing or burdened one was helped and cheered

by her. She was ever ready to help the needy; was much interested in Foreign Missions and manifested the same not only by contributions, but by the thought and study which she put upon the missionaries and their work. For many years she was superintendent of the Demorest Medal Contest work in the State and always a promoter of temperance sentiment.

Her life was one of service; "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," seemed to be her motto, and many of the boys and girls of the years now past will rise up to honor her as one who gave them an impulse to a higher plane of Christian living.

In April 1904, Mrs. Blair gave up her work at the College having had very miserable health the whole year. Treatment and an operation by skilled physicians and surgeons of New York city brought only temporary relief, and after days and weeks of suffering which lengthened into months, on the 14th of 11th month, 1904, she was given release and entered the life eternal.

Her devotion to Guilford College and all its interests was always manifest, for so long as she lived she was ever cheered by hearing of its doings and always made inquiry when opportunity afforded, even in the midst of her suffering.

SOME OF OUR BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

J. FRANKLIN DAVIS.

Among the books that are added to the college library from year to year, there are a few on the Bible or some phase of Bible study. These are put in their proper places on the shelves, and, except to those who are interested in them in the first instance, are too often overlooked. With the amount of attention that is given to Bible study at Guilford, I feel sure that some of the more recent books in this department

would be more in demand, if both teacher and student, know what a wealth of learning, and a stimulus to Bible study, as well as safe foundation for Christian faith is to be found in them. It is my purpose to call attention briefly to a few of them.

From George Adam Smith, Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow, there are a number of volumes, all of which are to be commended in the highest terms. First the Historical Geography of the Holy Land, a work based upon careful personal observation and research of all localities described. It is alike valuable to the student of the Old Testament and of the New in acquiring an adequate understanding of the geographical and historical relations of their respective narratives. The work is provided with six colored maps specially prepared for it.

Another work by him which every teacher of Bible classes, and especially in the Old Testament, ought to read, is Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament, eight lectures delivered at Yale University in 1899. This work is also specially to be commended to all religious teachers who have heard of Biblical Criticism, and have been alarmed at the name. Nothing could be more enlightening or reassuring to those who fear that the foundation of faith in the Old Testament is being shaken by the historical study of it now going on, than the perusal of this book and others like it.

Notice for example the topics of the lectures:

- I. The Liberty and Duty of Old Testament Criticism as proved from the New Testament.
- II. The Course and Character of Modern Criticism.
- III. The Historical Basis of the Old Testament.
- IV. The Proof of a Divine Revelation in the Old Testament.
- V. The Spirit of Christ in the Old Testament.
- VI. The Hope of Immortality in the Old Testament.
- VII. The Preaching of the Prophets to Their Own Times.
- VIII. The Christian Preacher and the Books of Wisdom.

The work is also valuable as a book of reference as it is provided with an index of subjects, and an ample index of Scriptural references arranged by books and chapters. With this ought to be read also one of our latest books in this department, "Old Testament Criticism and the Christian Church," by John Edgar McFadyan, Professor of Old Testament Literature and Exegesis in Knox College, Toronto. The work is dedicated "To Professor George Adam Smith, my teacher and friend, to whose teaching I owe more than I can tell in words, and whose friendship has been to me an inspiration and a joy."

The reader will find here even a more detailed account of the functions of criticism, and of the methods and results as accepted by modern Christian scholarship.

Of very much the same spirit, but with much less detail, and of more specific character, is the recent book by our own Dr. George A. Barton, Professor of Biblical Literature in Bryn Mawr College, in "The Roots of Christian Teaching in the Old Testament," a work that is acceptable alike to the scholar, and valuable to the religious teacher for the homiletical use that may be made of it. In all these works there is much specific exposition of Scripture passages in the light of modern scholarship and investigation which amply repays one for reading them apart from this more general purpose.

To recur to the works of George Adam Smith, there are two of recent purchase that specially interest those who are making a careful study of our present series of Sunday school lessons, viz: "The Book of the Twelve Prophets," and "The Book of Isaiah," each in two volumes. Both these belong to the Expositor's Bible Series, but they are far above the general average of the works in the series, as they satisfy not only the one who consults them for an exposition of the religious value of the teaching in the respective book by the Bible, but him as well who wishes to examine these works in the light of the best Christian scholarship of the age. I

venture to say that no one will consult these books, however much he may have habitually read these Biblical narratives of which they treat, without feeling that he has come into touch with one who is master of the situation, and that he has caught new light and enthusiasm. That these Old Testament prophecies are, however, of present value to the author, and should be to all who read them, may be seen from such sentences as these from the preface to Vol. 2.

"All criticism, however, is preliminary to the real work the immortal prophets demand from scholars and preachers in our age. In a review of a previous volume I was blamed for applying a prophecy of Isaiah to a problem of our own day. This was called "prostituting prophecy." *The* prostitution of prophecy is the confinement to academic uses. One cannot conceive an ending more pathetic and more ridiculous, to those great streams of living waters, than to allow them to run out in the sands of criticism and exegesis, however golden these sands may be."

Volume I is prefaced by an introductory chapter of 44 pages in which the author explains what is properly meant by prophecy and prophesy in the Old Testament, of the prophet in early Israel, from the earliest times to Samuel, from Samuel to Elisha, the course of prophecy in the eighth century, and the influence of Assyria upon prophecy, which in itself is worth the price of the two volumes. It is a chapter that ought to be read by every one who approaches the study of the prophets from any point of view. In the body of the work each of the so-called Minor Prophets is given in his historical and chronological setting, and such prophecy is explained in its literary form and special application to the present condition which called it forth.

In the Book of Isaiah the task is complicated and more difficult as the prophecies by Isaiah are spread over four kingdoms, and have by no means come down to us in chronological order. The matter is further complicated by the

fact that the contents of the book of Isaiah as known to us came from different writers living at times considerably separated from each other.

There is another recent accession that is likely to be more popular because it goes less into details, and is thoroughly popular in style, a little book covering the whole period of the prophets, but giving a very clear characterization of each, and of what each tried to accomplish—"The Prophets of Israel," by Cornill, of the University of Konigsberg. He is an orthodox Christian and at the same time a scientific man who has devoted his life to the "investigation of the religious evolution of the Israelistic and Christian faiths." He is one of the finest examples of the Christ-like spirit among the Biblical critics of the present day. What he can see of the Christian spirit in a book of the Old Testament, that to many professed Christians is only a trivial story, or to others a monstrous miracle is expressed in the following sentence:

"I have read the book of Isaiah at least a hundred times, and I will publicly avow, for I am not ashamed of my weakness, that I cannot even now take up this marvellous book, nay, nor even speak of it, without the tears rising to my eyes and my heart beating faster."

MATTHEW WHITAKER RANSOM.

JULIA S. WHITE.

The first harvest home festival of the liberty-loving sons and home-loving daughters of the Old North State was held at the Battle Ground, near Greensboro, in October 1903. Upon this occasion no more prominent personage, no more honored son was present than that in the person of Matthew Whitaker Ransom, the honorary chairman. Many present upon that day noted his frailty of body which for many years

has been the prey of disease, that his erstwhile erect figure was somewhat stooped by the burdens of nearly four score years, yet all saw that there still sparkled in his eye, the patriotism which had ever glowed within his breast, a patriotism which for half a century had made him an honor to his State, his country, and his God. While the lawyer from Nevada, the Congressman from Montana, the journalist from New York, the College President from Louisiana and others upon that day acknowledged what their birth upon Carolina soil had been and still was to them; none made the lover of the State exult in her sons more than did Matthew W. Ransom, Carolina's "grand old man," he who wandered not to north or west to gain distinction, but who on his native heath and by the familiar hearthstone worked out a destiny no less illustrious and which bore at every effort a direct interest in the upbuilding, the development, and the promotion of the highest good to his native State, for with him there was no division of interests between a native State and a State of adoption.

M. W. Ransom was born in Warren county—a county which has given to the State many of its first men, notable among them being Nathaniel Macon, a kinsman of Ransom. Of a parentage with worthy men along the line and of a home of sufficient wealth to give him an opportunity for development, it is not surprising that Ransom's career at the University was one of distinction. He matured rapidly, was popular in college and though a diligent student found a rival in General T. T. Pettigrew, with whom he shared the highest honors of the class of 1847. At this time Ransom was but 21 years of age and in 1853, at the remarkable age of 26, this brilliant young lawyer became the Attorney General of North Carolina. Moore says of him in this connection: "He was a model of elegance and courtesy and, to a most engaging exterior, added a resistless charm of manner and address. In scholarship, taste and culture, he has had no superior in

the annals of the state, while as an advocate, he was eloquent and powerful." Holding the position as State's Attorney from '52 to '55 having been also a Presidential elector in '52, in '58-'60 he was a member of the State Legislature and in this capacity sought as far as lay in his power to stay the onward progress of the war cloud which was then about to spend itself in civil strife. His strong advocacy of the peace movement and of conservative measures caused him to be appointed as Peace Commissioner for the State of North Carolina to the Congress of the Southern States held in Montgomery, Ala., 1861. But when peaceful measures failed, which he had so profoundly hoped to see successful, he shrank not from duty and girding on his sword, loyally upheld the cause of the land of his nativity and of his sympathies, winning no less distinction in the perils of war than in the serenity of the court room or the legislative hall. Entering the Confederate army as Lieutenant Colonel, he became Major General before the close of the war, having throughout borne himself with the dignity of good generalship, just, equable, kind and therefore won the love and esteem of those soldiers who were under him and who thro' all succeeding years maintained for their former General a warm affection.

The war over, and duty done, General Ransom retired to his vast estates in Northampton county, there living the true statesman in the midst of the throes of Reconstruction and Carpet-bag rule, doing as much or more than almost any other man in the State to restore a proper equilibrium between the governing and the governed. Indeed throughout his subsequent career no better service did General Ransom give his State than during these years of what the world calls private life, but which indeed were teeming with patriotic activity and public good.

'Twas in 1872 that Ransom began that remarkable career of 23 years in the United States Senate, a length of time

longer than that of any other North Carolinian in this chief legislative body of our country. It was to fill the vacancy made by the declaration that Vance who had been elected could not claim his seat on account of political disability, that Ransom became United States Senator.

Says Caldwell: "His appearance upon the natural theatre was an event. Handsome as an Apollo, faultlessly attired, carrying the air of a soldier and a gentleman, he commanded the instant attention and sustained worthily the promise which his entrance gave hope." Some idea of the spirit in which he held his position is gained from a letter written by the Senator to his brother nearly 25 years ago, when his re-election seemed to be a matter of doubt and the opposition to him seemed to be gaining in eastern Carolina. His attitude, as well as his confidence in the people who sent him to be their representative in Washington is shown as follows: "North Carolina has been so good to me that I studiously deprecate difference or crimination with any of her citizens. Magnanimity, high conduct, a grand dignity superior to trifles and to small or bad men are invincible with North Carolinians. Every time an opponent or any of his faction proposes to strike at me, I intend to answer the complaint by some new service to our State, by greater and more manifest generosity to my adversaries, and by showing an utter indifference to the flies that may light about my horns" * * * "Enemies are a terror. It is a thousand times easier to conciliate than to crush. Cæsar very often filled his legions with his enemies."

What Senator Ransom did during those 23 years in Washington is hard to put in printers ink for it consisted in the moulding of sentiment and framing of attitudes rather than the making of speeches or the passing of laws. When Ransom took his seat in the Senate feeling ran high against the South, but he felt his way at first, gradually he won the confidence of his colleagues, soon their esteem. He was

sometimes criticised when he did not rise to defend the South when attacks were made upon it, and he did make one famous speech in its defense but his effort was at all times to make his colleagues see that what the South wanted was not revenge, but simply a fair chance. He did much to conciliate the animosity between North and South long after the fires of the Civil War had burned to ashes, that is in the stormy Tilden days—an animosity which only persons with the tact and foresight of Ransom can assuage by a broad-minded statesmanship which can say that when an opponent strikes I will answer “by greater and more manifested generosity, will be so considerate, so fair and so kind to my enemies even, and make my usefulness so conspicuous that my foes shall be completely silenced.” By his persuasiveness and diplomacy he induced the Senate to remove the disabilities of Vance, which disability had been the key which had unlocked the door of the Senate chamber to himself. It was Ransom who secured from Judge Brooks of the United States District Court a writ of habeas corpus for those who were confined in jail under Federal military authority, and he did this when the power of the state judiciary was exhausted. It was Ransom who from his own private fortune, his store of baled cotton furnished the means so that in the midst of a perilous campaign the Democratic party might have funds to carry forward its plans. It was largely through the influence of Senator Ransom that the Force Bill was defeated, a bill which was but a scheme to destroy home rule and local control; a scheme based either upon the idea that the people cannot be trusted or that one man is better than the people; a blow at popular government, a deliberate plan to use officers of the government in the interest of a particular party. Such an invasion of popular rights could but be repulsive to every right minded citizen or all who would not allow the spoils of office to blind their sense of vision. In the Senate, Ransom served

on some of the most important committees and did much to improve the rivers and harbors of North Carolina.

In 1895 Senator Ransom was succeeded by Marion Butler; but previous to his vacating his seat in the Senate, President Cleveland had appointed him minister to Mexico which position he held for two years and then resigned. Since 1897 the venerable Senator and diplomat has lived quietly upon his broad acres in Northampton county, being the largest land owner and one of the largest cotton planters in the State. Though retired to private life, he occasionally appeared upon public occasions electrifying the people, with his masterful persuasion and compelling entreaty. Says Josephus Daniels: "Gen. Ransom's speeches were always upon a lofty key. He appealed to the best that was in man. His speeches were sermons in patriotism, in love of home, in devotion to principal. * * * No young man would gain anything but high ideals from his public speeches."

Through three quarters of a century of our national history, and during the years when statesmanship of the highest order was constantly tested to show the mettle of its pasture, Ransom proved himself genuine, durable, strong; just the man whom Holland says are "Wanted."

"God give us men! a time like this demands,
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,
Men who possess opinions and a will,
Men who have honor---men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous followers without winking!
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking."

That Ransom was all this, will make his memory dear to every true son and daughter of our own commonwealth as well as of the nation. That he served his generation in war,

in peace, as a public leader, and a private citizen, all, with equal fidelity and interest in public weal and private character, all show him a well rounded character whom a benevolent Providence spared almost to the fourscore limit, that the sons and daughters of the present generation, might study the "grand old man" and perpetuate his lofty example of pure living and high thinking.

That the subject of this sketch is known by the two distinct titles of General and Senator and that many more might be appropriately applied to him is but proof of his many sided interests and his wholesome service to mankind. To the old soldier who fought with him and "slept out doors when nights were cold," Mr. Ransom will always be the "General," and such he will be to the younger generation who would honor more the hero of war than the hero of peace. But to the statesman who admires the skill of diplomacy displayed by Mr. Ransom, the ability to judge coming events by the shadows which they cast before and so meet them with readiness, to such Mr. Ransom will always be the "Senator" the "diplomat." To him who prides himself in the excellence of character and sturdy manhood which the farm produces and the wealth and dignity of the man who can and does make his broad acres yield a competence which is comparable to that of stocks and bonds, to such an one, Mr. Ransom will ever be the worthy cotton planter of the Roanoke. To him who sees the height of ambition embodied in him who is able to sway men by his power of speech, his convincing argument his "silver tongued" eloquence, to such an one Mr. Ransom will always be the "Orator." And last but not least to him who sees in Mr. Ransom a man of virtuous life, of consummate love of home and family, of the quiet practice of honor, of one "who will not lie," to such an one I say, Mr. Ransom loses all titles for he needs none to make him great and he stands a towering figure—Matthew Whitaker Ransom—a name sufficient of

itself without prefix or suffix to represent the good, the true, the broadmindedly just in generalship, in statesmanship, in the lawyer's office, on the farm—to say nothing of a fireside which had as its crowning effort the last words of this great son of the Old North State—"Do right boys—God bless your mother."

CHRISMUS COMIN'.

When angels come an' paint de leaves,
 An' make 'em red, an' brown, an' gold;
 When de sky git gray an' sober,
 An de win is teched wid cold;
 When de corn is in de corn bin,
 An' de fodder's in de lof;
 Den de breezes 'gin to whisper
 "Chrismus aint fur off!"

T. Q.

OUR TEMPLE.

R. BINFORD.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
 To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
 And spread the roof above them,— * * *
 * * * in the darkling wood.
 Amid the cool and silence he knelt down
 And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
 And supplication."

Silence is closely related to reverence, and reverence is the chief part of worship. The fact that Solomon's Temple was raised to its lofty grandeur without the sound of the hammer must have had a powerful influence to calm and subdue the soul of the old Hebrew as he entered it to worship the unseen God. Who has not felt the spirit of humble adora-

tion steel over his soul as he has strolled in silence under the wide spreading roof of green supported by the strong, but graceful columns of nature's forest temple. A temple not only erected without the sound of a hammer but one for which the material was gathered and prepared in august silence. Every gentle breeze that stired the leafy green lightly and reverently bore its burden of building timber, every tiny stream of water that wound its way through the dark caverns of the soil rolled in solemnly and noiselessly the stone to its appointed place. Yes! and the winged singers of the temple choir glide without a sound of a foot-fall to their curtained galleries and send through the branching corridors their glorious songs of praise.

"Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Dids't weave this verdant roof."

But the priest? Ah! here he comes we do not hear him nor see him but we know that he comes, a Bryant or a Lowell, that the sacrifice is prepared and that the incense is arising from the book like altar.

Let us consider this temple that is over and about us now, through whose colonades we pass day by day on our student duties. Of course we are not "Under the Willows" they speak too much of protected places and abundant waters to make a suitable design for a temple in which the student worships who is to meet the hard dry facts of a busy world and bear the great stress and strain of life in the making of a "New South" such a student should rather worship under the mighty oaks whose every voice calls for the building of an honest, strong character which can stand firm amidst the wildest storms that may arise.

Here we worship in a temple that might well inspire the character of a Hercules. Four hundred oaken columns bear the arches under which we walk. Four hundred voices are telling us every day that noble things can be done and

honest unimpeachable characters able to resist that which would overthrow and lay us low in shame can be builded in this world where the struggle for existence is so severe.

But the voice of the oak is not the only one that the student should hear. To him who has the power to perceive they should speak a varied language. No matter how much we may try to classify the elements that make up a man, it nevertheless remains oppressively prominent that he is an extremely complex being and as a result can be touched at many points.

So the temple in which he worships should not set forth one but many virtues and these too in diverse forms and in various degrees of intensity. So while we note, with satisfaction, the leading design of our temple and the virtue that it extols we should not grow heedless of the others.

There are fifty-four columns of Maple, many of them small and obscure but destined in the future to speak a more perfect language than they now do. What is their virtue? The beauty of the maple design is largely in the decoration of the arch. The density of this leafy decoration suggests abundance of resources and generosity. The density of shade suggests quiet repose and culture. But the fibre of the column is not firm, it often makes beautiful finishing lumber, but it can not bear the world's great burdens or long resist the weakening effect of a changing atmosphere. It is true the sugar maple builds a finer fiber, but the sugar maple is not in its true glory in this climate. Its elegance speaks too much of struggle and endurance to be the natural and most prominent teacher of the young worshiper of our clime. It should never be allowed to supplant the more natural grandeur of the white, red and Spanish oak.

Beside the oak and maple there are one hundred and thirty six other columns bearing arches of various form with many

beautiful decorations which speak of many other virtues to him who will stop to listen and worship.

At another time we shall consider some much needed improvements and the further beautifying of our temple.

A PARODY.

How dear to this heart, the ways of old Guilford,
Where dear Miss Louise doth present them to view!
The walks, and the talks, and the Monday collections,
The system of "cuts" which the faculty knew;
The bug-loving Binford and "Bob" who stood by him,
The Webs and the Clays where the oracles fell;
The Philagorean, the place of contention,
And ev'n little Davis we all loved so well.
The eagle-eyed Davis, the brown-suited Davis,
The dear little Davis we all loved so well.
The play ground of Guilford, we hailed as a treasure,
For often at eve when our lessons were done,
We found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest of all Guilford fun.
How hard we played tennis with faces all glowing,
As the balls to the net so constantly fell,
Till Clement so kindly and carefully showing,
Taught us the game so exceedingly well.
The kind hearted Clement, the whole-hearted Clement,
The unselfish Clement who taught us so well.
How sweet at old Guilford to drink of that knowledge,
"That flowed like a fountain so full and so free,"
And all who have dwelt in the halls of the College,
The truth, in the beauty and clearness did see,
And no doubt when removed from this lored situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell
As fancy reverts to our Guilford's probation
And sighs for the scenes we all love so well,
The firm rooted Guilford, the long-cherished Guilford,
The happy old Guilford we all love so well.

GUILFORD COLLEGE SPRING.

GEORGE W. WHITE.

Guilford College water supply is undoubtedly a great blessing. In 1899 the trustees decided to improve the sanitary condition of the institution by placing a bountiful supply of water in each of the buildings on the campus. That year about \$2,500 was invested in water works and sewerage system, the water being secured from the branch one-half mile east of the college and forced by an hydraulic engine, through one and one-half inch pipe, three thousand feet to the two thousand gallon tank on top of Founder's Hall.

This, however, proved a failure, as the stream in dry weather did not furnish enough water for the college use, and in other respects the plan was unsatisfactory, and, though the pond was made quite large as a reserve, yet it was found necessary to abandon that source of supply.

In 1900-01 at least \$1,000 was invested in a big well dug in hard rock, sixty feet deep and ten feet in diameter on the college campus. This gave pure clear water, but not enough for the demand; so by securing the services of an expert artesian well contractor, investigation was made of the rock strata and the water-bearing porous seams of underground stone in the glen east of the college grounds. The result was a find of an underground stream of water yielding fifteen gallons per minute. Here at about the northeast corner of the town corporation, a well reservoir eighteen feet deep and ten feet in diameter dug in rock, and walled with cement and brick holds about eight thousand gallons of pure clear water. By the side of this conical covered reservoir is an engine house built on solid foundation and contains a triplex pump with capacity of fifty gallons per minute, driven by a five horse power electric motor. Pumping of the water by electricity is done each day through a four-inch cast pipe extend-

ing one thousand feet and elevated to a height of one hundred and fifty feet to a ten-thousand gallon cypress tank on a steel tower, situated on the hill by President Hobbs' residence. The well reservoir also has three holes drilled in the rock bottom through which the water pours at the rate of fifteen gallons per minute, thus no surface water gets into the minature artesian well, and when full the water runs out making the reservoir a real spring, called by some "The Glendene Spring."

From this source ten thousand gallons of water can be secured every day; and, if this should prove inadequate, for the demands of the college, there is enough clear water now pouring through pipe placed near the surface, which can be emptied into the reservoir if necessary, to double the supply for the future.

The water was examined November 22, 1904, by our State Biologist and pronounced "fine drinking water," as follows: Turbidity, none; Sediment, none; Color, none; Reaction, neutral; Chlorides, parts per million, 3.5; Nitrites, per million, none; Nitrates, per million, trace; Hardness, parts per million, 220; Total solids, parts per million, 54; Phosphates, per million, trace.

Contains Algae, 0.

" Infusoria, 0.

" Organic Detritus, 0.

" Bacteria of common Saprophytic group.

Total bacteria per cubic centimeter, (16 minim) 630.

Very pure water. Contains considerable lime. This should be very fine drinking water."

The cost of this great improvement in 1903 to the water-supply was \$3000 for the spring, pumping station, engine house, triplex pump, electric motor, steel tower, cypress tank, piping, and wiring, connecting it with the electric power house, from which power can be furnished each evening at same time the electric lighting of the college buildings is furnished. This plan is proving very satisfactory.

The Guilford Collegian

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Editorials.

Among the many things which are offered to
Lectures. Guilford students, perhaps there is nothing
which gives them broader and more diversified
knowledge of the various subjects which are constantly con-
fronting the minds of the thoughtful students of our time,
than the Saturday evening lectures given by some of the best
scholars which our State affords.

They are, it is noted, looked upon by some of the students
too much as torture which they must endure rather than as

aids by which their educational standard is raised. This state of affairs should not exist, for is it not true that the progress of our education is marked by our ability to gather information from every source which presents itself.

When we are favored with such lectures as Dr. Hume's "Forestry" and Dr. Raper's Southern Development, we should take great pride in listening to them and learning something of the condition of the tree-life in our State and of the prosperous state of affairs which exists in this southern land which we all like to call "Our Own." And when Professor Royal J. Davis comes before us to entertain us for an hour or so with select readings, which fill the mind with mirth and good will toward all, well might we contrast them with an hour spent in our rooms in gloomy meditation falling into reveries which suggest nothing that will help anybody in any way.

Such a contrast could awaken the idle dreamer to see that life is not merely a world in which we must spend so many days, but that

"Life is real, life is earnest,"

and that we must be "up and doing." With such benefits which may be attained by attending these lectures, the idea that you are going for the purpose of getting some good out of them, will forever silence him who is disposed to make attendance upon these occasions a burden.

C. H. W.

In this day of material development and
An Opportunity commercial expansion all undeveloped
countries are being rapidly invaded. In
the last few decades history has recorded great wonders
wrought by the English people in New Zealand, in Australia,
and in South Africa. This is the work of Great Britain. But
there is another broad field and near at hand which that other

branch of the English-speaking race, the American people, can and should enter. It is the continent of South America.

While the countries of that land have for many years been plodding the road to constitutional and industrial advancement, they are yet far from the goal. The reason for this is not to be found in any lack of resources, but in the people themselves. The great majority of the people are of Spanish blood, which has shown itself incapable of dealing with either government or commerce in the nineteenth century.

The first, then, of the two great elements in the development of a country—progressive, capable people and adequate natural resources—is lacking in South America. In the second she is greatly blessed. Her thousands of miles of coast line indented by adequate harbors, her great river systems forming an almost complete network of waterways, her great forests and mineral wealth and in many of the countries a fertile soil, and her great variety of climate combined to form one of the richest countries of the world.

But these resources are as yet only slightly developed, and the question arises: who shall develop them? I should answer, the people of the United States. Most of the countries have willingly and gladly opened their doors to immigration and as a result are receiving in large numbers settlers from the south of Europe. We are told that in Argentina, which has a population of about four millions, there are eight hundred thousand ^{Italians} ~~settlers~~, while Brazil, twelve years ago, had one million ^{Italians} ~~settlers~~ within her borders. As yet very few people and less capital have gone from the United States. This, it seems to us, is unfortunate. South America is one of our nearest neighbors, and for industrial and political reasons should be in close touch with us. Yet it is estimated that we have invested only fifteen million dollars in industrial enterprises in South America, while Europe has placed one billion dollars of capital there. The field is still open, however, and may be entered at any time by the people

of the United States. May the day soon come when our genius, capital and enterprise will so permeate and invigorate those governments to the South that humanity will say that all America is Anglo-Saxon.

D. H. C.

Probably the less said about the past football season, the better. There is very little to tell.

The schedule of games was as good as the manager could arrange, but it was far from a good one. There are so few colleges and schools in the State playing football, that it becomes necessary for our manager to fill out his schedule with games either in Virginia or South Carolina. This makes long and expensive trips, which Guilford teams are not equal to.

Good games on our own grounds would do much to strengthen football spirit at Guilford, but these cannot be had to any great extent for financial reasons.

We cannot expect to win a majority of our games, because nearly all of them are played with institutions that have anywhere from two to six times as many men to select from, still there is no reason why a Guilford team should not make a better record than we have done this year.

There was a fair amount of good material to make a team of. It is true that we only had about twenty-five men all told, who could play any ball at all, but out of that twenty-five, there was weight, speed and strength enough to have made a good team. But the will to learn, and, having learned to play, the game was not there.

With good head work and team play, Guilford could have held her own in any of the last three games of the season; for by neither South Carolina College, nor Davidson was she outranked in point of weight, strength, or speed of the individual players.

Part of the team didn't know enough about the game, and the others knew too much. The results could be predicted

beforehand. Other things being equal we would not win, because we did not will to.

Enough of this, however. There is only one thing to do. That is to try to forget all about it but the fact that we didn't deserve any better and then get down to business and do better another season. We have done creditably in the past, and we must do it again. W.

“The gift without the giver is bare.” The **Christmas** spirit of the Christmastide is being obscured **Presents.** by the much giving of presents. You lie awake at night studying what to give your score of friends. The week after finds you poorer in purse and digestion but richer by twenty more or less useless things given in return for yours of like value.

No wonder that Charles Wagner should raise the hue and cry for a simpler life.

When our millionaires set the pace, the whole ranks and file of strenuous Americans try to follow. Why can't we as a nation lay aside so much of this triumphery and instead of besieging our friends with this boomerang kindness, keep their affections warm toward ourselves for the whole year by our simple acts of kindness and gifts of love.



Locals and Personals.

FLORENCE L. ROBERSON '06 } EDITORS.
DUDLEY D. CARROLL, '07 }

Au reservoir 1904!

Don't forget to write to Santa Claus.

Ugh what a score Davidson did roll up on us.

Miss Emma King '01 visited the College recently.

Watson wants to know if it is "absolutely true."

Ask Miss Peck how she likes "Lenoir Apples."

Professor Woody's lecture on "Jerusalem" was enjoyed very much, especially so on account of the stereoptican view's with which he illustrated it.

The Guilford Y. W. C. A. was represented by Annie L. Henly, Isla Frasier and Bessie Benbow at the State Convention which was held in Charlotte from the first to fourth.

Miss Genevieve Tate, accompanied by her brother Hall, visited friends at the College since our last issue.

Arnold Ricks divides his time between practicing his oration and standing at the laboratory window. Arnold, you will hardly revolutionize the world if you don't change your tactics.

For all kinds of barber work see Snipes and Critz. Reference, Doggett.

C. Elmer Leak '02 has a position with the Fries Electric Light and Power Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Becton while sitting in his room was heard to remark: "What is life without love anyway?" It is very evident that he has decided that it is not worth living without it.

Ben. Fitzgerald, Henry Taylor, Gilmer Korner, and Carson

Grantham, all former students, were among the visitors at the College on Thanksgiving Day.

Dr. Charles Lee Raper of the University faculty gave a very interesting lecture in the auditorium on the 2nd. His subject was, "The Development of the South."

Frazier has a new formula for getting the area of a sperical triangle, as follows: Multiply the spherical "access" by the area of a trirectangular triangle.

✓ Irvin T. Blanchard '03, is teller in a bank at Jackson, N. C.

Wonder what "Little Jim" will do about meeting friends in Greensboro since there are no more foot-ball games to arrange.

Louis Hobbs has the following advice to young men, "beware of kid brothers."

✓ W. Chase Idol of the class of '02 is making quite a success in banking, having been promoted from the branch office of the Wachovia Loan and Trust Co., at High Point to their main office at Winston-Salem.

"The Forests of North Carolina," was the subject of an able address delivered by State Horticulturist H. H. Hume at the College on the evening of the 26th.

Snipes has at last found an avocation suited to his taste. Namely: Giving "singing lessons" to King.

Some one asked why Miss Wilson was all smiles. The reply was, "because her good humor had found a "Leak."

✓ Cupid has been doing some effective work among some of Guilford's former students, as a result of which Miss Pearl Lindley, of Pomona, and Mr. Archie Sykes, of Greensboro, were married on the 16th of November. Also Miss Rosa Ballinger, of Guilford College, and Mr. Fred Albright, of Greensboro. And on December 7th Mr. S. H. Tomlinson

Sidney

and Miss Ethel Diffie, both of High Point. To all of them the Collegian extends best wishes.

It is a source of gratification to the many friends of "Sausage" that he was rescued from the "Potato Cellar" at Founders. Many are urging him to write an account of his discoveries. The Collegian desires just such a story, as it would doubtless be interesting reading.

It was a pulling time at that "old time candy pulling" which was "pulled" in the Gymnasium on Thanksgiving night. Professor Davis was very unfortunate, he having both hands burned to such an extent "that every pull was a pain." It is said that Miss Bennett had "Little Cuba" suspended from the gallery on a single strand of candy. Many daring feats were performed, but space forbids mention of all. Suffice it to say that it was a "sweet" time; and the candy—well "Lowneys" was not half so good.

✓ Hugh P. Leak better known as "Hungry," now a traveling salesman for the Liipfert, Scales Tobacco Co., of Winston-Salem, N. C., visited "dear" friends at the College on the 6th.

The "Alpha Phi Beat'em" fraternity has been organized with Petty, Most High Beater; Anderson, Less High Beater, and Hudson, Keeper of Records and Seals. Members initiated at any time.

Ricks Brothers have turned philanthropists. They recently sent a box of eatables to the "invalids" at Founders, which goes to show that they have revised the text, "Sell that thou hast and give to the poor," into "Take what thy father and thy mother hath sent unto thee and give unto the sick, provided they are girls."

Miss Henly, translating in Greek: "He burned the bridge in order that Cyrus might cross."

Professor Davis: "Translate the 'not.'"

Miss Henly, absent mindedly: "I don't see any knot on it."

It is very noticeable that athletics are not assuming their usual dullness after the foot-ball season. The Gymnasium is a popular resort for exercise seekers, while many others are interested in the "Hare and Hound" races. Considerable attention is also being given to the "Field Day" which is to be on Saturday, Dec. 10th.

Joseph Glaister of England on the 5th presented to the students, "An Englishman's view of the Tariff." It was interesting from start to finish both on account of the forcible way in which it was delivered and the comparisons between Free Trade England and Protective America.

To all, the Collegian wishes a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

THE Y. W. C. A. CONVENTION.

The Carolinas have always been noted for the rapid progress made in whatever they have undertaken. Especially has this been shown by the first annual convention of the Young Womans' Christian Association, held in Charlotte, December 1st to 4th.

From the twenty-eight organized college associations in the Carolinas, more than one hundred girls assembled in the "Queen City" for the purpose of bringing to pass the text of the convention, viz.: "That the Father May be Glorified."

The first meeting was held on Thursday night in Tryon Street Baptist Church where the visitors were cordially welcomed by Dr. A. C. Barron, the pastor of that church. The opening address was given by Dr. M. D. Harden, of Charlotte, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Gladding, of Montclair, N. J., a member of the world's committee, gave us an idea as to how the great work is carried on by the world's committee, noting that the work

done by our national secretary is of as personal a nature as that done by our State secretary who visits from college to college.

Perhaps the most able of the addresses given throughout the convention was that of Mrs. Laurence Thurston, secretary of Student Volunteer Movement, New York. Her topic was Missions and she pointed out most appealingly the need of mission workers in every line, from the kindergarten and primary teacher up through all grades.

One of the most helpful features of the convention was the devotional hour from 9 to 10 every morning conducted by Miss Mary Maltron, of Mary Baldwin Seminary, Va., in which many difficult passages of Scripture were ably discussed.

Miss Bridgers, of Chicago, student secretary of the American committee, showed the girls, in a talk on Student Work, the many interesting ways of introducing Christian work among their fellow students.

At the farewell service Sunday night, conducted by Miss Mary Johns Hopper, traveling secretary of the Carolinas, the delegates acknowledged the good they had received from the convention and all agreed that there had been created in their lives a deeper resolve that through them "The Father Should Be Glorified."

B.

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS.

This fall, for the first time in several years, Guilford had a tennis tournament in singles, held merely for the purpose of reviving interest in this most excellent sport.

The number of entries was not so large as it might well have been, since only twelve men, out of about twenty-five fairly good players, entered. The games were interesting, nevertheless, and the finals between R. C. Lindsay, '06, and

Arthur Troy, '07, were witnessed by quite a crowd. In a hotly contested match Lindsay won by a score of 3—6, 6—3, 6—3, 6—1, and the prize, a Spalding's "Lakeside" racket, was accordingly awarded to him.

On the eighteenth of November a match game in doubles was played with Bingham School (Mebane) at this place. The opposing team, Messrs. Pickard and Bradshaw, though good players, proved unequal to Lindsay and Troy, our representatives, and were defeated in three straight sets by a score of 6—4, 6—2, 6—3.

We hope in the spring to have other games with the different colleges of the State and to send out a winning team that will be an honor to our college. R.

THE THANKSGIVING TRAGEDY.

An unusual and somewhat spectacular play saved Guilford from a shut-out at the hands—or feet—of Davidson on Thanksgiving Day. After the South Carolina eleven had delighted the Winston-Salemites with a series of touchdowns that made us wonder why we had ever left home, W. Hobbs, with a favoring wind, sent the ball on the kick-off over the goal-posts. It was caught by a Davidson man, who proceeded to punt it up a tree, whence falling it was grasped by Clark, who promptly touched it to the ground. W. Hobbs then completed the performance by kicking the goal. Guilford had scored—she had six points anyway.

But this play proved only a temporary interruption to the scoring of our inexorable opponents. They made short runs, long runs, all kinds of runs. Guilford was apparently resorting to the device of allowing them to score so frequently that they would get out of breath, when of course we would take the ball and— But why tell what we intended to do?

Davidson scored within five minutes after the initial kick-off, and the second touchdown followed about three minutes

later. The most strenuous efforts of the Guilford eleven were unavailing. Doak, L. Hobbs, Anderson and the rest could not solve the baffling tactics of the opposing team, and touchdown followed touchdown in heartless succession. Guilford made so few first downs that they are a negligible quantity.

The final score was 32 to 6.

Then we ran for the train, tried to forget all about it on the way back, and drowned our sorrows in a hearty turkey dinner and a strenuous candy-pulling.

Exchanges.

F. B. HENDRICKS, '05.

There is much interesting reading among the exchanges now on our table. Notwithstanding the fact that a great many of the college papers which we had expected, have not yet arrived, we are pleased to find that our list has grown considerably since the publication of our last issue.

The Randolph-Macon Monthly contains a variety of subject matter that is, in itself a credit to any college paper. "Elsath" is a very interesting little story and its interest is intensified by the mysteriousness surrounding the beautiful Elsath whose first appearance in the story is attended by as much weird mistiness as her disappearance. The article under the caption "Shall the College Revert to the Curriculum" treats of a subject that should interest students as well as educators generally. The Randolph-Macon Monthly will always find a welcome among us.

The Wabash presents a very attractive appearance and we are pleased to note that its interest is not limited to the covers. There are several contributed articles which are

more or less interesting. It also contains an amount and quality of wit and humor which has its proper place in every college paper.

The editors of *The Red and White* should be commended for the efficiency of their work. "A New England" rose is despite its defects quite an interesting bit of work. "Retribution," though well written, is entirely too short. It gives us two aspects of the character, Annie Scales, which are rather hard to reconcile. A more extended view of her character would probably enable one to imagine the sweet little wife assuming the sternness of a murderess even if her victim is responsible for the death of her husband.

We wish to congratulate the new editor-in-chief of the *Davidson College Magazine* on the first issue published under his management. If the contents of this issue are to be taken as proof we are confident that the magazine will certainly not fall below the standard set at the beginning of the year.

We wish to call attention to "Measure for Measure," and "A Foot-ball Story."

The most interesting thing we have noted in *The Earhomite* is the poem *Fidus*. We should be pleased to quote it were it not so long.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of the following: *University of North Carolina Magazine*, *The Crescent*, *The Lenorian*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Park School Gazette*, *The Phoenix*, *Hamptonia*, *Wake Forest Student*, *The Wilmingtonian*, *The Criterion*, *The Haverfordian*, *The Westonian*, *The Penn Chronicle*, *The Ivy*, *The Brown Alumnist Monthly*, *The Wabash* and *The College Message*.

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PRES.—Mary D. Holmes.
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CAPTAIN—Louis L. Hobbs, Jr.

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MANAGER—Oscar V. Woosley.

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THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

Vol. XVII.

January, 1905.

No. 4.

AGGRESSIVE SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

[Spoken at the Junior Exhibition on December 17th, 1904.]

Not many years ago, the territory now occupied by the mightiest republic on earth was a wilderness unbroken. Through the mountains, the red man pursued the fleeing deer. On the bosoms of the streams, he floated in his silent canoe, bent upon some war-like expedition; or made the forest ring with his warhoops when attacking the enemy. Over the plains innumerable herds of buffaloes roamed; while the fierce grizzly lived unmolested in his mountain home. It was a land of wilderness and wonder, a land for adventure and adversity, for trouble and triumph, for development and devotion. It was a land destined to mature in its settlers and their descendants that combination of determination and energy found only in Anglo-Saxon blood.

The settlers that came to this country were men with a purpose. They were men who could think for themselves, and when they were debarred from acting for themselves they came to a country in which they could live free from persecutors.

The life they lived while conquering these wild regions and their no less wild inhabitants, was one of danger, toil and hardship. Consequently only the stronger and most adventurous spirits survived; and a race of men was created who knew not retreat.

It was this sturdy people who surmounted all obstacles when they followed the path of the sun into the great and un-

known west. It was this people who crossed the arid plains and snow-capped Rockies; and, after allowing no let or hindrance to their ever forward march, when they came to the sounding sea, they, like Alexander of old, were sad for there was no more land to conquer. But there was a duty left to them none the less arduous. A duty in which that aggressiveness acquired by their persistency was of much value to them. That duty was the further settlement and the development of the country they had traversed.

In performing the first phase of that duty, the settlement of the country, there was exhibited a spirit indomitable and energy irresistible. In 1827 the secretary of the Interior reported that it would take 500 years to exhaust the government lands. Since that time there have been added 1,500,000 square miles of territory and every available foot has been claimed. In spite of the impediments of nature and the dangers of the way, wagon after wagon, bearing the pioneer's family and household goods, slowly wended their way into different parts of the country. And then with all dangers past and all obstructions removed, the people hurled their restless energy into the performance of the second phase of their duty—the development of this great country.

And it has been in the development of the country that the American people have mostly exhibited their peculiar heritage of energy and perseverance. In an incredible time the forests were cleared, from the places where the great oaks exposed their bared branches to the wintry blasts, the breezes of the following summer wafted the perfumes of the growing cotton and tobacco. Almost within a year vast herds of cattle were feeding on the broad pastures of the buffalo, while in different parts of the plains immense fields of grain were growing that were to teach the people that the prairie was the most productive of lands. All through the country towns were springing up as if by magic, laid out upon such scales of magnificence that one would think they

were designed to become the capital of the nation. New trades were established and industries, which were in a few months to compete successfully with their European rivals, and in a few years to invade, with their products, the hostile territory of their competitors.

Nor were the people forgetful of their own development in this period of active labor. In most of the Western States one square mile of territory in each section was appropriated for schools. Universities and colleges were created and in a few years endowed to the extent of millions, and equipped with chairs of which a European never dreamed, and with laboratories which border upon palaces. Libraries and picture galleries were established in every large city, for which the archives of the old world have been ransacked, and were it not for government restrictions, the old masters would have to be sought, not in Italy and England, but in New York and Chicago.

Mr. Gladstone, while speaking of the rapid development of America, said: "While we have been advancing with potentuous rapidity, America is passing us as if in a canter. There can hardly be a doubt as between America and England of the belief that the daughter, at no very distant time, will be unquestionably yet stronger than the mother." This was spoken 26 years ago, and we can say that for the most part this prophecy has been fulfilled.

When we think of the rapid growth of the United States we wonder what is the secret of American success. There is no one secret, but the secret most peculiarly American is that inherited aggressive disposition of her people.

It has been said that there is nothing the American cannot do except rest. That energy acquired by 200 years of strenuous efforts under the stern discipline of the puritans seems now to be invigorating the American. The adventurous blood of the early settlers seems to flow through the veins of the business man, to-day, and he seems to be

endowed with that same courage and ingenuity which cleared the obstructions from the path of his forefathers.

Mr. McArthur, an Englishman, in his lecture on "The restless energy of the American people," says that "no American goes slow if he can go fast, no man stops to talk if he can talk walking, no man walks if he can go in a trolley car, no one goes in a trolley if he can go by rail, and by the by no one would go by rail if he could be shot through a pneumatic tube.

"No one writes with his own hand if he can dictate to a stenographer, no one dictates if he can telephone. And by and by when the spirit of American invention has brought wireless telegraphy into thorough condition, a man will simply sit with his mouth at one hole and his ear at another and do business with the ends of the world."

He further says that "It is the American's regret at present that he can do nothing with his feet while he is listening at the telephone. But doubtless some employment will be found for them in the coming age."

From this we perceive that a life of ease is not satisfactory to Americans.

People who are aggressive and people who are not may both ultimately be destroyed. The latter will leave nothing for the future; but the first will leave a glorious memory which will influence the history of mankind. Similarly it will be the aggressive American who will bequeath to future people the great memories and the material results of their achievements, for they have accomplished something.

Our forefathers began the century as a small and weak people; we have ended it as one of the greatest and most powerful nations the world has ever known. They began it on one side of the continent, poor and compelled to frugality; we have ended it masters of the continent from ocean to ocean, rich and prosperous. Never before has so stupendous a task been so quickly completed and never before have such

vast numbers of men enjoyed such widespread peace, comfort and freedom.

Therefore let every true American strive to increase the accomplishment of such grand achievements. May he never cease to walk in the path of his forefathers. And may he ever possess with pride the characteristic which has been most active in achieving America's highest destiny, "The Aggressive Spirit of the American People."

R. C. LINDSAY, '06.

THE NEW ERA.

J. M. PURDIE.

If we stop to consider the great world-movements; if we endeavor to keep pace with the rapid strides which civilization is taking; if, moreover, we try to fathom the depths of science and scale the sidereal heights of art, we shall see that we are marching from an age of negation to an epoch of positive opinion. The future beams with the beacons of possible achievements, and while we turn our faces to behold that light we cast the shadows of doubt behind us.

In the stream of religious consciousness, as well as in that of science and of art, the mind of man has flowed faster in its course of disintegration and reconstruction, in the past hundred years, than the world had previously known. Dark periods of restlessness and doubt have preceded all the great educational movements in history. The Christian era was ushered in in the midst of religious obscurity. The Renaissance was cradled and nursed in the turmoil of unsatisfied Crusaders. The reformation was brought about by the vivifying leaven of positive thought cast into the dry and lifeless flour of ignorance. Again, all these prominent periods have been led by men that were equal to the task. Christ, as such, still sways His sceptre over the nations of the earth with an ever-increasing power. Peter, Baccaccio,

and Dante have made their names eternal in the hall of fame and in the realms of education. Luther, Calvin, Zwingli and others have, likewise, left an imperishable record on the scroll of religious undertakings.

All these ages were marked by steady and at times destructive opposition. But every time earnest and philosophic minds have overcome sophisms and destroyed the sneering bulwarks of the skeptic. Each time a demand arose for new foundations for conduct and belief. Each time the answer was given in a more enlightened and exhaustive manner. Not that the Captain had changed, but because the army of positive ideas ever marched to occupy the strongest strategic point.

To-day the unsettled and busy heart of man seeks a new basis for faith and action. The stage immediately before us is the transference of the ideas of the scholar and historian to the wide field of practical, every-day life. It will be an era of *doing*, just as the past has been one of *thinking*; true to logic, the thought precedes the action. We look back, and many things appear as wild speculations, yet those were the scaffoldings around the development and unfolding of eternal truth. Mature minds have toiled and are even now laboring to form this splendid statue. This has indeed required thought, yea, educated brains. Who knows but that the *deed* of unveiling this wondrous work shall take place in this century!—a return to Gospel plainness and the initiation of “the simple life!”

JOSEPH BLAIR, '97.

“J. E. Blair, a young man of strong talent, who has been an active member of the association for more than a year, will leave the city to-day. For several years he has been assistant foreman of the carding department of the Avondale Cotton mills and now goes to Stevenson, Ala., as superin-

tendent of the manufacturing department of a cotton mill at a greatly increased salary.

"Mr. Blair will be greatly missed in the association as he has been very active in its religious work. He assisted in the organization of 'The Out-and-Out Club,' and has helped make its work effective and fruitful. He has rendered valuable service also by reporting the Sunday meetings to *The Age-Herald* every Monday for over a year.

"Last night an officer of the Y. M. C. A., in speaking of Mr. Blair, said: 'He is a graduate of Guilford College, of North Carolina, where he got considerable experience as editor of the college magazine. Mr. Blair attributes his success in life to the fact that he is a Christian. He was reared in the strict faith of the Quakers and stands firm in the practice of the principles of his spiritual fathers. He is first a Christian and a business man afterwards. By the exercise of these principles in his experience with men and the world he has been able to see the best side of human life and has worked his way through many difficulties to complete success in every position he has ever accepted. He is an illustration of the fact that it pays to have a definite purpose in life and the will to work out that purpose in actual experience. His many association friends regret to have him leave Birmingham.'"

I feel sure that many of the readers of THE COLLEGIAN will share with me the great pleasure which the above appreciative notice of our friend gives. Guilford College can well claim Joseph Blair as her own, since he came here a mere child and remained to complete his course. He has carried his devotion to the cause which he here espoused into his business and civic life and by steadfastness and undeviating integrity as well as by ability to control circumstances, manage affairs here won for himself a well deserved place in the esteem and confidence of his associates. The clipping is

from *The Age-Herald* of December 19. A morning paper of Birmingham, Ala.

OVERHEARD.

"Are you sure Willie K—— has no trouble with his foot?"

"Yes, positively sure there is no displacement, no bruise, no swelling, no anything the matter with it."

"Didn't he come to supper all right?"

"Yes. Why?"

"His meals were not to be taken to him any more."

"Poor fellow! he'll have to take exams, after all."

"I believe he does look a little pale."

"That comes of staying in the house."

"Did you know I'm to have a new music pupil?"

"No. Who?"

"The master singer of Y. M. C. A. Hall, Mr. Snipes."

"How large those overshoes are!"

"I venture they are Mr. B——'s."

"No, he puts his by the back door"

"Well! they are large enough for him. any way."

"Mr. B——, won't you have a chair?" (said Mr. M—— as he tried to hand one over a multitude of heads.)

"I — might — sit — on — it — if — you — brought — it — round here."

"What is that about sweet prospects, sweet roses, sweet ——"

"Miss R—— will tell you, she *sings* it."

"Oh! Miss R——, do sing it."

"Now be sure to get the proper inflection on the *me*."

(Miss R—— begins to sing, makes a failure, begins again and with help succeeds.)

"Sweet prospects - - - - -
Have lost all their sweetness for m—e—e—e—e."

"Now, I hardly think Miss R—— can sing that very truthfully."

"Neither can Mr. D——, with his recent startling announcements."

"What is that about Mr. D——? Is he exhibiting more 'manly courage?'"

"Yes, indeed, more than any other fellow in the room."

"Yes, I've been stuffed with cold ever since Christmas."

"Do you wear your hat?"

"I did this morning, but that makes little difference. My trouble seems to be lower down."

"Better paste up your mouth then."

"I fear yours was pasted too tight this morning, you were so late in getting to breakfast."

"I beg your pardon, but your foot seems to be straying a long way from home."

"Yes, I have to give room for those" (pointing to a new pair of patent leathers.)

"Have you heard about the murder?"

"Murder? No!"

"Well, on Sabbath afternoon, Miss B—— and I were sitting quietly before the fire and suddenly there appeared a big rat walking on the curtain pole."

"Did you squeal?"

"No, but the rat did, when we were dealing death blows upon him."

"What is that about new waists?"

"Why, can't you see how nearly alike these are made and yet there is 20c. difference in the cost of having them made."

"That must have been the difference in the individuals— which we heard about in the lecture the other night."

"That money was not 'burning' in my pocket."

"I don't understand you."

"Weren't you at the lecture the other night? I thought I saw you there."

"I guess that was the other fellow you've been talking about."

"There comes David" and with him Uncle Sam's kindly greetings from Richmond, from Philadelphia, from the mighty Randolph and from—well, no matter about the others as they bespeak a work-a-day life and a work-a-day world.

S.



Clippings.

Mr. Goldstein—"Ikey, let me see vot you bin learnin in school. How much is 2 and 2?"

Ikey (deliberating)—"2 and 2 is 7, fodder."

Mr. G.—"Dots wrong; 2 and 2 is 4."

Ikey (with a knowing smile)—"I knew it all the time, fodder, but I s'posed you was going to jew me down."—Ex.

"Where's your father, boy?" asked a stranger of a country boy.

"Well," replied the boy, "he's down way at the other end of the fild thar' with the hogs. You'll know father 'cause he's got a hat on."—Ex.

The rain, it raineth every day
 Upon the just and unjust feller,
 But chiefly on the just because
 The unjust takes the just's umbrella.

TACT.

I went to a party with Janet
 And met with an awful mishap,
 For I awkwardly emptied a cupful
 Of chocolate into her lap.
 But Janet was cool—though it wasn't
 But none is so tactful as she;
 And, smiling with perfect composure,
 Said sweetly, "The drinks are on me."
 —Ex.

The Guilford Collegian

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

Published on the 20th of each month during the Collegiate Year.

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Vol. XVII.

JANUARY, 1905.

NO. 4.

Editorials.

To G. C. Students. One of the main sources of revenue to THE COLLEGIAN is the advertisements. A noticeable fact also is that most of these ads. are from the business men of Greensboro. These men patronize us, some of them liberally, and it is nothing but right that we should patronize them in return. In doing so we not only help the merchant but we help THE COLLEGIAN and we help ourselves.

We have the best advertisers in Greensboro, for that mat-

ter, the best in North Carolina, and to trade with them is to our advantage.

If we will just bear this in mind when we go to town all will be well and when the Business Manager goes around to collect he will not feel that he is getting something for nothing.

BUSINESS MANAGER.

An Apology and An Appeal. On account of examinations coming just at the time that THE COLLEGIAN should have come out, the staff was unable to get any work done until they were over. They are sorry that this has caused delay in the January issue and hope that this delay will be overlooked for this reason. The Editors hope to give a good magazine to the subscribers during the spring term. They would like to ask that some of the graduates and old students be so kind as to help them out with a contribution occasionally. This would relieve them of much care on what they are going to put into the next issue. We hope that some one who reads this will rally to the rescue.

C. H. W.

Governor Aycock. The debt which the North Carolina college owes to our late educational governor can never be estimated. His years of effort in behalf of education in North Carolina have laid the foundation of a structure which will ever broaden and expand as the years go by and be the perpetual spring from which the college will draw its life. For this reason his name will ever be held dear to the college man.

Yet not in the line of education alone do we honor our beloved ex-governor Charles B. Aycock. In all lines he has made us a freer, a more cultured, a more prosperous people. What Vance was to the Old South, Aycock has been to the New. Truly may we say as we extend our sad farewell to

him as governor, Long live the Charlemagne of North Carolina. May his remaining years be crowned by still nobler efforts and grander triumphs.

D. H. C.

Honesty on Examinations are not mere tests of one's ability to cram but a pretty safe guide to an individual's idea of honor and honesty.

Examinations. Cramming is not a sinful practice if begun in time. It is lawful to begin now for the May "finals," keeping at it faithfully each day. If each one does this they can but note their gain in self-dependence and comparative loss of interest in the "blue book" of the person sitting near them.

We scorn dishonest athletics at all times as a disgrace to our school.

A person who takes your money does not always escape your wrath with the mild charge of being a trash-stealer.

He who copies from his neighbor's paper is not true to himself nor to his teacher. Yet this same person is amazed to find low marks on the majority of his studies.

Better fail honestly than pass by foul means,

Good appearance is one of the most vital requisites of a young man's success at the present time. By good appearance it is not meant that he shall have fine clothing, keep his hands soft and bleached; for some of the persons who make the best appearance in the world are they who have to wear the same suit at all times and whose hands are rough and sunburned by the work which they have to do. But good appearance means that the man is polite and at ease whatever task may be imposed upon him.

When the youth enters college he does one of the best things towards the attainment of a good appearance. To

him comes the perplexing problems of college life which must be solved. These he meets and battles with until one or the other of the two has won. If he wins in the battle he has made a long stride on the way and his courage is spurred on to tackle other problems until he may have mastered all the problems which come up in his course of study. His views on every subject have been expanded and his faculties for studying so developed that he has a systematic way of proceeding in solving problems, which were too complicated for him, before he had acquired this way of regulating his work before him. He has thus gained strength in this line which it would be hard to deprive him of, and his views of life have so broadened at the same time that he feels himself a different man.

In the gymnasium he starts out awkward, and ignorant of the tact that it requires to "do stunts," but by careful training this same youth will in all probability seize the proper conditions to gymnasium work and will develop himself into an athlete who will be able to compete with others. His physical self then has had its training and the body is changed into the strong man. Thus in a way the "all around" material man is elevated.

He is subjected to an environment of Christian life. To him is offered the opportunity of producing a well rounded Christian character. There is the Y. M. C. A. work such as regular association work, Bible study classes, mission study classes and various other things which lead him up to a higher plane of life.

Thus has his mental, physical, and spiritual self been developed so that he is a man in the sense of the word that he has an apt mind, a strong body, and a right spirit, but there is yet one other thing to be looked after if we ever expect the man that we have thus evolved to be of the greatest service both to himself and to the world—the social self.

This is a time when public appearance counts for more

than it has ever done before, and in order to be prepared for such if it should ever become necessary he must cultivate his social self. We must look around to see how this is to be done. It might be said that the prime social factor in college is the literary society. Let us investigate this and see if it be true. It is in the literary society that the deepest friendships are made. There the student becomes better acquainted with the nature of the people from whom he has to choose his friends. It is with these friends with whom he is cast that he forms closer ties than with those whom he scarcely ever meets.

In society he is trained in public appearances of all kinds. He has to debate, read before or do something before his fellow members. This is the beginning of the development of his social self in the literary society. Afterwards probably he is called upon to represent his society in public, by delivering an oration, or by serving in some other capacity. He becomes acquainted with parliamentary law and business transactions which are constantly arising in society. Thus it comes about that in numerous ways the "society man" has it forced upon him to be active, and so making it each time easier to express himself before other people.

With these things in mind we hope that no student will try to offer the excuse, for not joining a society, that he "can't speak."

We know that and desire to help him to get where he can speak. It is of great moment to every pupil to "join one of the literary societies."

C. H. W.

Locals and Personals.

FLORENCE L. ROBERSON '06 } EDITORS.
DUDLEY D. CARROLL, '07 }

1905.

New Resolutions.

"All is over,"—we mean the examinations.

A question—"Did you pass?"

The answer—"No, I flunked."

Did you stay over in Greensboro?

Miss Wilson says that she dreamed she was in the "Arctic" zone.

"Senator" Pritchett remarks, "I am having a lovely time on every side." We are not sure about all sides but will vouch for his having a "lovely" time on two sides, especially in the dining room.

Mr. Blair, the superintendent of buildings and grounds, is making some much needed improvements in the walks. All are in a position to appreciate them during the muddy weather.

The many friends of the Lindsay family regret that they have removed to their former home near Madison. We are glad, however, that Will, Cabell, and Nannie Sue are going to remain in school.

Ask Lindley how a fellow feels when a young lady says to him, "Honey, the time won't be long."

"We live to learn," but sometimes learn too late, as in the case of the "Preps," whose class-meeting was put on the

"retired list" for prolonging its sessions over the allotted time.

✓ Oscar Redding, '98, is now treasurer of a furniture factory at Asheboro, N. C.

One of the most interesting lectures of the year was delivered by Prof. R. J. Davis in the auditorium on the night of the 14th. His subject was "Money," and although it was a "little foreign," he presented it in such a way as to make it inrteresting to all.

Miss Hollowell has "Moore" to do than anyone else.

Walter Blair, '98, of Greensboro, visited relatives and friends at the college during the holidays.

Prof. White in collection on the last day before Christmas, "I hope that all will have a merry Christmas and be back promptly on 'June the 3rd.' "

The pond has at last frozen over and the students are taking advantage of it. "Coach" Groome says it is better the sooner you can get there, so he goes down before breakfast. Rabb says he had just as soon sleep as skate so he goes down after breakfast, provided he gets up in time. "Team" Hendricks says he will take his by moonshine even if he does fall in occasionally, so he goes after supper. Becton says he would like to stay all the time but his business will not permit him. Skating is fine fun and good exercise but remember the words:

"Work while you work, play while you play,
That is the way to be happy and gay."

Mrs. Ed. Blair spent the holidays with her parents in Washington, D. C.

Who said "Martissa?"

The Spring Term opened on the 16th with a full attendance. While some of the old students did not return after the holidays, several new ones have entered for the new term which

makes the enrollment larger than in the Fall Term. The reception to the new students was given in Memorial Hall on Saturday evening the 21st, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A.

If you want to see a Senior hang his head, just ask him what a synopsis is.

The Library is sharing in the improvements that are being made around the college. During the vacation a large, new book case was added, in which will be placed the books denoted.

Prof. of History—"What were the causes of the War of the Roses?"

Purdie—"Flowers."

Snipes is giving Anderson, Frazier, and Haynes lessons on "Love." The text-book used is "The Art of Love making." Snipes says that Anderson has about completed the course, with Frazier a close second, while "Little Grover" is behind as usual and will have to take it over again.

Hugh Leak and Gilmer Korner, of Kernersville, came down to take in the reception.

It is with pleasure that we chronicle the marriage of Mr. Paul C. Lindley, of Pomona, to Miss Mabel Glenn, of Greensboro, on the 18th instant. The groom is the son of J. Van Lindley, an honest, trustee of the college; the bride is the accomplished daughter of Postmaster Glenn, of Greensboro. The wedding was an important social event, since both had an extensive circle of friends. After the ceremony the couple left for Cuba, where they will take their bridal tour. On their return they will reside at Pomona.

Y. M. C. A.

NOTES.

Now that the holidays are passed and the first term's work is over, among the things around the college which are taking on new life with the new year, and new term, is the Y. M. C. A. The committees have already begun their work with a vim that is business-like and admirable. As a result of a recent mission meeting held in our hall, thirty-eight men have been enrolled in mission study. This is fully one-third of the men now in college and shows an increased interest in the work the Association is doing. Already our Thursday evening prayer meetings seem to be better and we are endeavoring to make them still more interesting and instructive. The new student's reception just given by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A's, and gotten up by their entertainment committees, was very creditable and showed the willingness of the students to sacrifice for the association work. One of the problems now before the association is to raise the money necessary to send delegates to the Y. M. C. A. training school next summer. We are planning to send to this conference six or eight men who will be of service to the association next year and afterwards, and you are requested to show the proper spirit if asked to contribute a small sum toward this fund.

The most pleasing thing to note at the present time is that the men who are most active and interested in the other phases of college life are interested members, and most of them active, too, in the association. Our hope then for the Y. M. C. A. is that it may continue to grow and its influence to increase as it has of late years.

Y. M. C. A. RECEPTION.

For some years it has been customary for the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. to give a joint reception to the new students on the first Saturday evening of each new term. In accordance to this custom the faculty and students together with a number of friends of the college, met in Memorial Hall, on Saturday evening, January the 21st, to spend an hour or two listening to our excellent program in the first part of the evening and enjoying a pleasant intermingling of the students in the latter part.

Mr. R. E. Lewis, president of the Y. M. C. A., welcomed the new students to the exercises of the evening. Afterwards followed a song, I'd like to Go Down South, by the boy's glee club. Mr. Lewis then told something of what had been done by the Y. M. C. A. during the last twelve months, noting improvements on the interior of the hall, the addition of a reading room, and the increased interest that has been taken by the young men in Bible and Missionary Study. He then appealed to all the boys to take a part in the Y. M. C. work.

Miss Gertrude Wilson, president of the Y. W. C. A., came out reciting "The Goblins Will Get You Ef Yo' Don't Watch Out." She concluded by saying to the young ladies, "If you don't join the Y. W. C. A. we will get you."

After these speeches President Hobbs made a talk to the students upon the importance of Christian life, urging them to take a part in all Christian work.

Mr. Lewis told the audience that if they would be patient for a few minutes that they would be favored with a mock Junior exhibition.

After a few intervening minutes the class whose exhibition was to be held, was escorted upon the rostrum by Marshal Lewis. Mr. F. B. Hendricks, who acted as president,

introduced the class of nineteen hundred and six—ty, asking the audience to give them their *divided* attention while they *extinguished* themselves. The following program was rendered:

1. Music.....Phi. Glee Club
2. Oration—Our Glorious Country.....*My Old Lady*
O. V. Woosley.
3. Oration—Our People.....Nannie Sue Lindsay
4. Oration—Perambulations of a Couple of Digresionary
Bundles of Apperception, Mass.....James Hoge Ricks
5. Medley.....Tabernaculor Glee Club
6. Oration—Amerous Proclivities of a Precocious
Personality.....Saza Peck
7. Jimmie Buller and the Owl.....Terry Donnell Sharpe
8. Oration—Abolition of the Socials at Guilford
College.....Annie Blair

After the orators had *extinguished* themselves the social began. One of the most interesting features was a guessing contest. Several cards were tacked up around the room upon which were written the first letter of noted persons name and also a hint at who it was. Several were successful in guessing all the names corrects. This contest and other amusements among which was a piano solo by Prof. White, made the evening a very enjoyable occasion. X.

THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION.

At the appointed hour on the evening of December 17th, 1904, President Hobbs, followed by the class of 1906, was ushered upon the rostrum by Carroll, chief marshal of the occasion.

The president, with a few words of welcome, introduced the class of 1906 to the audience and then Arnold Ricks spoke upon *The Hague Tribunal*, and showed the cost and consequences of war in a clear and definite manner. He told how controversies which are constantly arising between nations

might be settled peaceably by international arbitration. He explained the workings of The Hague Tribunal and recounted some of the nations which have a part in it and ended with an urgent appeal to settle all such difficulties in this way.

Florence Roberson followed, showing how the English language received many new words and much literary material as a direct result of the Woman's Conquest. This was an interesting subject, especially to the literary students of the college, and showed the ability of the author in a favorable light.

The aggressive spirit of the American people, by R. Cabell Lindsay, was the theme of the third oration. This was well handled, portraying the American people in the light of which they are proud, that of pushing on, up to a plane whose height is overtopped by no other nation. Along with the deeper thought were veins of humor which added to the interest of this captivating subject.

L. Gertrude Wilson came out to tell of "The Land of The True Cross," adding much to the exercises of the evening by her description of the condition of Brazil, telling somewhat of the history of the country and of its advancement to its present position.

This was followed by Aztec Civilization by Joseph M. Purdie. Here we were told of the civilization which resulted from the colonies which were planted at an early date in Mexico by the people who came from the banks of the Nile to the new world.

Lillian Jinnett spoke of Religious Liberty in North Carolina, and showed how it was hindered by the early governors and how at last freedom came at the close of the Revolutionary War.

The last oration on Zebulon Baird Vance was by David H. Couch. The life of that noble North Carolinian was presented to us in a manner that was sure to raise our patriot-

ism higher than it had previously been, and to inspire us with love for our State.

The class of 1906 had finished their "Junior Orations" and it is now left for them to work on till the time when they once more appear in that same phase as a graduating class.

OBSERVER.

BASE BALL.

Base ball! Well, there will be something doing in that line at Guilford this spring. We are looking forward to having one of the best teams that has ever gone out from the college. This hopeful spirit has given an impetus to the athletic interests of the college; so much so, that the boy who will not join the Athletic Association is hard to find, and not only have the boys paid their fees but in addition have made up an excellent purse for the team. With the material at hand and this loyal spirit behind it we will have a good ball team at Guilford this year. A good schedule has been arranged in which the team will be taken on a Southern trip and we hope to reverse some of the foot ball scores made last fall. We intend to keep the readers of THE COLLEGIAN posted as to what we are doing in this line, for we have no doubt but that it will be of a favorable character. The schedule of games will appear later. MANAGER.

Exchanges.

F. B. HENDRICKS, EDITOR.

The Red and White bedecked in Christmas trees presents a very attractive appearance. It contains besides its other literary matter, its usual amount of wit and humor. One story especially struck us deserving special mention, viz.:

"His Inspiration." There are others of possibly equal merit besides some essays verse that furnish profitable reading. The short poem at the beginning evidently reflects the spirit that pervades college life just before exams and the Xmas holidays.

The December issue of *The Wabash* is an athletic number and in this respect it stands head and shoulders above any of our other exchanges. Beginning with an article *Morale in Athletics* it is *athletic* throughout, with one or two exceptions, and from a mechanical point of view it is of the highest order.

We note with pleasure a decided improvement in the December number of *The Haverfordian*, especially in respect to its literary contributions. It contains several short sketches, etc., that are meritorious.

We are pleased to state that we are now receiving quite a number of exchanges, a majority of which contain much that should be of interest to college students. These magazines are placed in the college library after they have been looked over by us, and it is desired that students will avail themselves of this opportunity of learning something about the life of other institutions.

We beg to acknowledge of the following: *Davidson College Magazine*, *State Normal Magazine*, *Oakwood Index*, *The College Message*, *Park School Gazett*, *The Crescent*, *George School Ides*, *University of N. C. Magazine*, *Randolph Macon Monthly*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The Comenian*, *The Westonian*, *The Earlhamite*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *the Ivy*, *The Criterion*, and *Brown Alumni Monthly*.

A CORRECTION.

If any one read in the last number of THE COLLEGIAN my article on "Some Recent Accessions of Biblical Literature," he will have been surprised at what I am made to say of the Book of Isaiah. I speak of a book which by some is regarded

as a trival story, by others as a sort of monstrous miracle. I then quote Prof. Cornill as saying he had read the book at least a hundred times, and yet could not take it up without tears coming to his eyes, and his heart beatig higher. That was all said of the Book of Jonah, not by Isaiah, as type setter or proof reader makes me say.



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THE TRANSFORMATION.

It is a well known ethical fact that man cannot exist and perform his God intended functions outside the social environment. Man is a creature of society—society is for him and he is for society. The individual plus the society in which he exists, form a conjunct life—disparate, yet organic. Each helping toward the development of the other. Shut him off from communion with the social world and he becomes a mere thing—a moral fossil. You have then separated the conjunct self from the material self. You have divided the man when you have dissociated him from a social life. He withers away, his ideals become crusty and crude, his manners rough and uncouth—the *man* dies; though the body lives.

Although the mere chance association of the individual in a society is absolutely necessary to his existence, there is yet a deeper relationship than this—a relationship that can transform the self-sufficient man into a real, vital, living human being. This relation is termed friendship. It is a mutual regard cherished by kindred minds; a spirit of confiding relationship that makes one individual take an active interest in the welfare of another. It is the welding together of two souls into a strong bond of mutual sympathy and mutual interest. It has brightened many a life; it has sweetened many a bitter cup; it has transformed many a narrow minded *Egotist* into a broad ranged *Altruist*; it has inspired lofty aspirations and laid the foundations for gigan-

tic moral structures. Such and more is the power of true friendship.

* * * * *

He was a Freshman—a gaunt, sleepy-eyed Freshman; a reserved, timid, sad-looking Freshman. No one seemed to notice him as he walked listlessly across the campus to the little, dingy room assigned him on cottage row, nor did he even deign to raise his eyes as he passed group after group of merry, light-hearted boys rehearsing the events of the summer's vacation. He had asked to be given a room by himself and here he became an exiled recluse at his own choosing. Day after day he pondered over the simplest problems of algebra until far into the night—for he had become dull and sluggish during the six years that had intervened since he had last been a student. Six years spent in dissipation and folly—six years that had left their imprint on his youthful features. These six years had made him callous to the promptings of conscience, and a hermit seeking solace by burying himself away from the chiding of social intercourse. Yet there was still a spark of ambition secreted within the innermost depths of his being; there was a something in his submerged consciousness—subconscious self—whose intimations were ever and anon striving with his growing despondency. These subtle intimations had driven him to seek solace in a college life away from where his past was known. Thus we find him isolating himself in his little den, digging away at his daily task, bearing the epithet of the college “grind,” unconscious apparently of his social surroundings, never for a moment breaking away his mask of stolid reserve. From study-room to class-room; from class-room back to study-room, silent and alone, only speaking when compelled to reply to a direct question of teacher or fellow student. His replies were always brief and monosyllabic and carried with them a feeling of icy coldness.

The school year passed on, neither the athletic field nor

gymnasium seemed to hold out attractions for him. Occasionally, however, you might see him standing alone on the outskirts of the crowd gazing intently at the game in progress, but always with that stolid, melancholy look upon his face. Did he enjoy seeing others happy and lighthearted? Apparently no. For not even the flicker of amusement ever flitted across his sullen countenance. He had become, seemingly, callous to the thousand pleasures of college life that were within easy grasp.

His class-mates were forced to pass him with a distant bow—*for he would not be one* of them. He was oft-times the topic of discussion, at the semi-monthly meetings of the little class, where he was never seen. But they could never fathom the mystery of his cold reserve. They surmised that there must have been some sad experience in the past that had driven him into a hermits cell. He was the one incongruous element in that social unit—the freshman class.

* * * * *

Once, in the cold, damp, forbidding shade of an old oak tree, a tiny blue flower, peeped through the crusted soil and turned its dainty, soft face upward toward the sky. It stood there all alone, a pale, delicate, little blossom, without a friend, without a neighbor. The sun even seemed to shun this dismal abode of the orphan-bloom. The little flower sickened, drooped its tiny head and appeared to wilt away. But one day a fairy sun-beam broke through the tangled network above, flitted gaily downward, and fell warmly upon the withered form of our solitary blue flower. It awoke, lifted its delicate, faded cheeks upward to meet the genial smile of the merry-eyed sun-beam. The little flower took heart, it felt itself alone no longer, it had a friend. New life began to course through the slender form, the pale cheeks took on a deeper hue. Each day it revelled in the heavenly light of the fairy sunbeam—the metamorphosis had taken place and our little blue flower was a beauteous gem of azure blue,

nodding its tiny head contentedly to the gentle zephyrs as they floated by.

The blue flower had found a friend.

* * * * *

She was a girl with large blue eyes—a Freshman too. A girl with a big tender, sympathetic heart—a girl who could understand the vagaries of a human mind; a girl who wished to pass on to others the joy of living. Day after day she saw this sad-eyed, lonely looking, class-mate holding himself aloof from his fellow school-mates. She had seen him standing on the outskirts of the athletic field sadly, yet intently watching every move of the lighthearted players as the game progressed. She had seen him suddenly turn his back upon the hilarious crowd and slouch along across the campus toward his “den,” and had wondered what sudden impulse had driven him from the gay scenes before him to the musty, little “shack” across the way. At such times a flood of pity surged over her—pity for this sad, lonely looking class-mate of hers, who was thus isolating himself from the sweetest pleasures of college life. She felt and knew he was missing day by day the very life and soul of college—the bliss of that sacred fellowship of kindred souls, the communion of allied interests. Out of the depths of her tender heart she felt a longing to tell him of the joys, the happiness he was losing; to draw him out from this self imprisoned life into the realm of cheerful, college comradeship. But how, was the question. If he would only concede an opening, only express the least show of interest in social affairs, she might make an advance. How could she approach him, when he so studiously avoided every social function; when he would pass her by without even raising his eyes from the ground in front of him? No girl at college had yet spoken to him because he never would dare to face them—shy, timid, backward youth.

Once she caught his eye across the class-room and smiled.

He looked so frightened she never dared again. The school year was swiftly passing away, already class-day and commencement were beginning to take possession of the student mind. So the sad-eyed school-mate was forgotten in the hurly-burly of examinations and commencement preparations. * * * The day of home going had arrived. Farewells were the order of the day. But no one had thought of the melancholy Freshman who had left without a single farewell handshake. The year had passed and he had not won a single friend, only the pity of a big-hearted girl who had now almost forgotten him.

* * * * *

The summer had too soon passed away and the merry laugh of the careful youths and maidens was now again heard on the college campus. The old and the new were coming in together and among the happy number our once gaunt Freshman—now a Sophomore—was to be seen. Yet it seemed to us his class-mates, who knew him best, if such were possible, that the stolid countenance had lost some of its sadness. Surely there was a slight softening of the set features, a faint sparkle in the dreamy eye, and we all wondered why. * * * All summer long the memory of that one smile had haunted him. Again and again had he felt the self-same thrill he had felt weeks ago when she had deigned to smile at him across the class-room. A smile had stirred him more than all the approaches of class-mates or faculty. An intense longing sprang up within him to be a part and parcel of the social life about him. So deep down in his heart he had determined upon his return in the fall, to break away from this old life of melancholy meditation and join in with the life of the college.

You can then imagine our surprise, when the president rapped the gavel to call to order the first meeting of the Sophomore class, to see our much discussed class-mate step nervously into the room. With an embarrassed mein he

settled down in a chair in the far corner of the room and appeared to be deeply engrossed in the proceedings of the meeting. At last the order of business had been completed and the motion to adjourn was put and carried. The social feature was now in order. Various members tried to engage him in conversation but were finally driven to give it up in despair. At last she, the maid of the smile, came across the room and sitting down beside him began to tell him of a banquet the class was soon to give and asked him if he would not help them in decorating the West Hall. In a stammering way he had managed to say he would and before he had realized it himself, they were chatting away about class and college affairs in general. This was but the beginning of what was destined to be a deep and mutual friendship. As the days passed on now he began to show signs of interest in the various phases of college activity. You could see him on the athletic field yelling and shouting as enthusiastically as any. He would even take part himself in some of the simpler sports. At times his face beamed with the radiance that good fellowship alone could inspire. She and he were good friends now. She had gradually—slowly but surely—drawn him out until little by little he told her all his sad story. How he had begun to think that he was alone in the world, a social outcast. How he had thought no one cared for him. How he had cursed nature for her part in making him so different from others. How he had given up being joyous and gay like others he saw about him. How he had envied them even to the point of positive hate. He told her how her smile had won him back to the world. Thus day by day their friendship grew; she ever ready to sympathize and advise, for she had now come to know him and to understand his peculiarities. He would confide to her his ambitions and aspirations and she liked him the better for it.

Her pure womanly life—her very goodness inspired him

as nothing else to be a better man. He soon began to forget the wicked past and its allurements. His deeper, inner self was being awakened by the power of a true friendship. He could feel the old bonds that had held him captive bursting asunder—the fetters falling off one by one. He was becoming a man now—a man not by virtue of years, but a man because of purer aspirations and nobler thoughts.

Thus the college days flitted past and the day of all days had come—the day when school life is forever laid aside. The last evening that they could be together had arrived for on the morrow they must leave for home—bid a long and a sad farewell to the best years of life. This evening the two sat upon the old rustic seat on the college lawn and reviewed with mingled feelings of joy and sadness the events of the past short years. He again told her, in uneven tones, what she had been to him. How she had transformed a dispondent recluse into a man with aspirations. How her sympathy and goodness had inspired him to live a better and a purer life. How he would always look back to the hours they had spent together as the turning point of his life—the tiding of the crisis. Though they might never meet again, memory would ever hold dear the happy, careful days of their college associations. Here, too, in the moon-light they pledged themselves to eternal friendship. Then good-bye.

* * * * *

Cannot a girl and boy then be friends, nothing more, and still both be made better through the power of a true friendship?

“EGO,” ’04.

MONNICA.

If some of my young friends exclaim upon reading the title of this article, "Where is that"? it will be little wonder, because the gentle Numidian woman who owned this name, and is well known to most of us by the title she bore as the mother of her distinguished son, is little thought of under her own cognomen. In his great dictionary Dr. Thomas devotes just five short lines to her; while her boy, to whom she devoted her life and by untiring effort made him what he became, occupies almost a column in that closely condensed work.

We have often looked with interest and pleasure and a feeling of deep satisfaction as if here at least is an instance of the proper relation between mother and son—at the beautiful picture of Monnica and her son, their faces alight with heavenly aspiration and adoration and at the same time radiant with mutual devotion and love, and perhaps have thought that this a typical scene from their lives.

It is well for us both younger and older frequently to go back from appearances and effects and study the roots and causes of things—the young that they may see that not only "Rome was not built in a day," but that the evolution from barbarism to civilization is a gradual process not yet accomplished which needs the "patient continuance in well doing" of those who in their eagerness would with Phæton attempt to guide the steeds of Apollo. Of the older, that they, too, may have patience with the slow unfolding of events, and learn from the past to have confidence in the present and large hope for the future and be willing "having done all to stand" and "wait for the salvation of God."

It is not likely that had it not been for this woman whose biography is summed up in such short space, the world would have been enriched by the life of Augustine the Saint.

For he was not a saint much of the time while she dealt with him, but what we now should call a very wicked young man. Monnica, the mother of St. Augustine, was born in 332 A. D. and educated in the Christian faith. She was married to a pagan, and their home was in Thagaste in Numidia. Her husband was converted to Christianity through the patience and faithfulness of his wife. She must have possessed a nature both winsome and strong, as well as patient, as St. Augustine thought her "the pattern of mothers."

Born in 354, Augustine came into a world already permeated with the doctrine of Christianity. The great Constantine had made the religion of the cross the national religion; the pressure of persecution and martyrdom was over, and the church was now exposed to the allurements of the world and the blight of heresy and schism. As a boy Augustine must have imbibed a real belief in God from his mother, because he says of himself that when he did not learn he was beaten and that "he prayed earnestly to God that he might not be so punished." He was a bright little fellow who loved play, to whom "one and one are two, two and two are four was a hateful sing-song." "We boys wanted not memory or capacity, but we delighted only in play and for this we were punished by those who were doing the same things themselves. But the idleness of our elders is called business whilst boys who do the like are punished by these same elders."

We read with interest of his delight in Virgil in the next school to which he was sent. The town Madaura in which this school was situated was pagan and the statues of the gods still stood uninjured in the forum. In after years he looked back upon this period and with his ripened judgment condemned the prevalent practice of training the pupils in the niceties of grammar but neglecting to train their morals. "It was accounted a greater offence for a scholar to drop the aspirate and say "'ominem" instead of "hominem" than if in

opposition to the divine commandment, he, a human being, should hate a human being."

At the age of sixteen he returned home for a short time previous to going to Carthage to college. During these years his mother's love and counsels, earnest entreaties and prayers followed him, and although he became addicted to the follies and vices prevalent in the half-heathen society in which he moved, he could never shake off her influence nor so harden his heart that he did not know the baseness of his conduct. In the midst of his career he was brought to a halt by reading Cicero's Hortensius. By this book his affections were changed and his prayers turned to God. One thing checked him—he did not find Christ's name in the book, and as he says, "This name had my tender heart piously drunk in with my mother's milk and whatever was without that name though never so erudite, polished, and truthful, could not take complete hold upon me." The Scripture, however, did not appeal to him, because it lacked the dignity and beauty of the style of Cicero.

While his mind was thus tossed he fell in with the Manichæans, the followers of Manes, a Persian ascetic who attempted to engraft Christianity or the ancient religions of the East—Buddhism and Zoroasterism. The heathen element naturally took the larger share and there was little gospel left in his system. Parts of the New Testament were accepted; the Old entirely rejected. From Zoroaster he borrowed his dualist theory of two original and opposite principals, the one good, the other evil. Manes himself gave out the idea that he was the Paraclete and that he was come to impart a more perfect knowledge of the truth. Although he was cruelly put to death, his sect continued to increase. In the meshes of this heresy Augustine became involved. Contrary as this may seem to such a woman as Monnica, through it all the heart of her son was reaching out after the one true and living God, and he was experiencing the truth of

his own famous expression, "Thou hast made us for thyself and our heart is restless till it rests in thee." His attitude in the present, however, was so hostile to Christianity and so pronounced in favor of the Manichæans that he became a great disputant to win converts to the Manichæans. He left Carthage, his father being dead, and returned home. "His mother wept for him more than mother's weep over the bodily death of their children." She even began to doubt whether she should allow him access to her home and table. It is said that she was relieved on this point by a dream which she interpreted as a message from heaven. In this vision she saw herself sad and bowed down with grief, standing on a wooden rule, when a shining youth approached and with a smile inquired the cause of her sorrow. She told him her grief over her son's perdition. He bade her be comforted and told her to behold and see that where she was standing there was her son also. When she told Augustine of this dream, he said to her that it was given her as advice not to despair, that she would some day see things as he did. She replied promptly and decidedly, "No, it was not told me 'where he stands thou shalt be', but 'where thou art he shall be.'" The keen, quick perception of his mother's answer moved him more than the dream.

Monnica appealed to the Bishop to have a talk with her son. This he was unwilling to do, because he saw that Augustine was puffed up in his sophistry; but he assured her that the son of one who could weep and pray as she did, would one day come to himself. It is not my purpose to follow closely the career of this remarkable man. The Spirit of God and the unceasing prayer and care of his mother followed him in all his undertakings, and every now and then in his actions there would appear some principle or trait which clearly showed whither the under-current of his life was setting. At Carthage as a teacher of rhetoric, mingling with the heathen rites, he would still refuse to sacrifice a single

creature's life, and although he was steeped in vice himself, he gave such scathing utterances against the bloody scenes in the arena as to save his young friend Alypus from the madness of the gladiatorial shows.

The schools at Carthage were full of disorder and he, wishing to work in a less turbulent place, determined to go to Rome. This his mother violently opposed. Unable to change his purpose, she went to the harbor at the time he was to sail determined in case she could not persuade him to remain, to go with him.

One can easily see how such a course as this would annoy a young fellow of Augustine's temperament. He deceived his mother and pretended that he was not to sail that night. So while she prayed in a nearby house the wind filled the sails and he sped away. His own account of this event is thus given in his "Confessions" years afterward: "I lied to my mother and such a mother and got away. Thou, O God, mysteriously counselling and hearing the real purpose of her desire granted not what she then asked that thou mightest make me what she was asking."

From Rome he went to Milan where he came under the influence of Ambrose. Although he was at first attracted to this famous Christian Father on account of the beauty of his diction and the eloquence of his utterances, the truths he taught settled in the young man's mind.

His mother could not allow herself to be separated from her erring son but followed him to Rome and thence to Milan.

After becoming disenchanted with the Manichæans, for a time, he attached himself to the Neo Platonists. He did not long remain with them. Were this a sketch of Augustine it would be interesting to follow him in his various attempts to satisfy himself; but since they were all of about the same character, they did not alter his mother's attitude or bring relief to her troubled heart. Finally he came to the point

where for the sake of truth and righteousness he was willing to abandon his bad life and accept the light of Christ as the guide of his life. The change was complete, and after his baptism, with some friends and his mother he went to Rome intending to set sail at an early day for their own home in Numidia. This happy prospect was cut off by the death of Monnica at Ostia.

Her love and faith and prayer had been rewarded. Her son was redeemed and prepared to become one of the mighty instruments in God's hand for spreading the Kingdom of God.

MARY M. HOBBS.

SOME TALK ABOUT TREES.

In a recent article entitled "Our Temple", we considered some of the esthetical and ethical lessons to be learned from the trees in their present condition on our campus and promised a further discussion on the improvement of the temple. This article is designed primarily for the consideration of classes or other good people who may at any time wish to plant a tree on our grounds. It is to be sincerely hoped that there will be no more maples planted soon. Beside the kind of plant the place of planting should be more carefully looked after. In choosing a place for a tree we should consider the effect of the form of the tree on the already existing architectural lines or the sky line as the case may be. There should be unity and harmony in the tree arrangement.

The greatest natural beauty of our campus lies in the fact that the trees are not in rows, but are scattered here and there in an easy natural manner. There is too much of a tendency in recent plantings to form definite rows. This should be carefully avoided in the future plantings.

One of the most cheerful and charming parts of our campus is the open sunny path of low ground between Founder's and Memorial Hall. Dropped in at the foot of the wooded

hill in front of King Hall, which should ever be thickly wooded, it gives a natural variety of scene which is satisfying to a high degree. There should never be any large trees planted in this area for it is to lend the sunny meadow effect to our miniature forest. Some shrubbery might be planted about its edges, especially on the side toward the front walk.

Just across the board walk from this meadow is a place left so far to a hapless sort of growth but which is the natural place for a thicket. Beginning with the large trees on each side of this ditch, the small trees and shrubbery should become gradually shorter down to the ditch making it a rather dense thicket of shrubbery and vines.

Our campus should be something more, however, than a thing of natural beauty. It should also be a teacher, presenting new and interesting facts concerning woody plants. It should be a reference book as well as a work of art. Our trees do not display a wide range of leaf form and many classical trees are missing from the congregation. The following paragraphs call attention to a few of the trees which ought to be on our grounds because they have been made classical by legend, by literature, or by biological research.

The Aspen or quaking asp, (*Populus tremuloides*) is a small slender tree with a narrow round-topped head and leaves with long compressed petioles which cause them to be ever trembling. This continuous motion of the foliage has suggested a weakness or delicacy characteristic of a spirit of nervous restlessness. A cord that the slightest impulse sets a vibrating. Many poets have noted this peculiarity of the leaves.

Some wove the web,
Or twirled the spindle, sitting, with a quick
Light motion like the aspen's glancing leaves.

—Odyssey.

His hand did quake
And tremble like a leaf of aspen green.

—Spencer.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver.

—Tennyson.

This trembling is explained by Scottish lore:

Far off in highland wilds 'tis said,
But truth now laughs at fancy's lore,
That of this tree the cross was made
Which erst the Lord of glory bore;
And of that did its leaves confess
E'er since a troubled consciousness.

—Spirit of the Woods.

This tree might well be planted bordering the low ground between Founder's and King Hall.

Some of the other poplars such as the Cottonwood, the Balsam or Balm of Gilead and the Lombardy poplar. Some of the last named trees might well be used in emphasizing the verticle lines of some of our low extensively horizontal buildings since it is a very tall slender tree.

The poplar there
Shoots up its spire and shakes its leaves i' the sun.

—Barry Cornwall.

The poplar shoot
Which like a feather waves from head to foot.

—Leigh Hunt.

The poplars are of rapid growth, well adapted to fill some of our vacant spaces until the slower oak could be produced.

The Linden or Basswood is becoming one of the most classical of American trees. Where mass of foliage and dense shade are desired it is an ideal tree. Its peculiar arrangement for the distribution of seed makes it of especial interest to the student of nature.

Oh, who upon earth could ever cut down a Linden.

—Walter Savage Landor.

Another tree interesting on account of its large and well protected winter buds is the Horsechestnut. To have carefully examined one of its buds and seen its water-proof varnish on the outside of its armor of scales and to have observed the soft warm padding within with the ready

formed leaves, is worth a whole chapter of reading in any botany.

The White Birch and the Paper Birch on account of their grace and the color and nature of their bark are very popular trees and should have a place on our campus. Of the White Birch (*Betula populifolia*) we have

Most beautiful
Of forest trees—The Lady of the Woods.

—Coleridge.

Of the Paper Birch (*Betula papyrifera*) we have:

Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!
Growing by the rushing river
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

—Henry W. Longfellow.

The three last named trees grow best in the north but would probably do well here if properly cared for.

Other trees of which I cannot speak except to name are, the Kentucky Coffee-tree, White Pine, Long-leaf Pine, Loblolly Pine and Ginkgo.

The last named tree, the Ginkgo (*Ginkgo biloba*) is especially a desirable tree to have as it is a connecting link. It speaks to us of the misty ages, of long ago. Its relatives have all passed away and are buried deep in the strata leaving but here and there short epitaphs on their ancient grave stones. The tree came to us from China by way of Japan and England. "That which astonishes the observer is the singular character of its leaves. There is nothing like them in the arborescent foliage of America or Europe. Apparently they are fern leaves; they so closely resemble the leaves of the

Maiden-hair fern, *Adiantum*, that one of the specific names of the tree is "adiantifolia."

Finally we should notice the fact that some of our oaks are falling and these should be replaced by oaks, not by maples. There are enough maples on our campus. Our dominant tree should be the oak; the white, red, spanish, scarlet, and chestnut oaks. To take the place of the three or four oaks that have fallen in the past few years there are but two young ones growing and one of them must be sacrificed for the sake of the other. These young oaks may be found in the bush bearing yellow flowers to the right of the front walk from Founder's Hall. The best one of these two trees should be saved.

I have not said all that might well be said for the improvement of our aborescent growth. But I hope that these suggestions will lead us to realize that we should have a plan for this improvement and that this plan should be made by one skilled in forestry and landscape gardening.

R. BINFORD.



The Guilford Collegian

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

Published on the 20th of each month during the Collegiate Year.

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- FEBRUARY, 1905.

No. 5.

Editorials.

A people is generally judged by the relation
Hospitality. which it bears towards its neighbors. This fact
will be conceded by every student of history,
when he recalls the nations which have taken a part in the
great affairs of the world. Has it not been those nations,
which through selfish interest in individual affairs, neglected
to carry on friendly communication with their neighbors,
that soon become slaves to that mighty impediment—self-

complacency—an impediment which the twentieth century students know so well to be one of the factors leading to the downfall of any country? While on the other hand, it has been those people, who constantly kept up friendly intercourse with other countries, who are today recognized as the most prosperous and most powerful people in every respect.

Now this interaction is not confined to national life. It is one of the most powerful elements that enters into the home life of our country. Hospitality among people is one of the best indices of the condition of the people in any section. Where you find the people kind to strangers, there you will find as a rule a neighborhood of prosperity where there is for the most part complete harmony among the neighbors. This may be observed by any one who will give it a little thought. What may be said to be the cause of this accord among the people of the section? The first reason which comes to the writer's mind is that it may be the result of what strangers have to say about persons who have shown them this hospitality, in passing on, thus giving a good name to the people with whom he has had conversation. Another reason, which is very important, is that when a man gets his mind in such a state that he will be hospitable to strangers he will certainly be kind to his neighbors from the fact that he has gotten his mind into such a state that his thoughts are of the highest things. Hospitality is second nature.

Now if so much of the happiness and success of others depends on this hospitality, will it not be well to practice it while here in school? It would be a very pleasant condition of affairs for one student to be kind to others at all times and always speak kind words. To some this would probably be a hard thing to do, but to them it could be said that it will never be any easier and if they wish to make life the greatest success it is necessary that they begin this at once. It is one of the greatest recommendations that a young man could

have, that he be polite and speak in a manner that is genteel and affable to every one with whom he has any business.

Fellow students! why should we not cultivate this gentlemanly conduct so that when we go out into the world we may be able to make the people of the country more friendly to each other and to any one who happens to pass through it.

Would that all the students of old Guilford College might carry out with them the qualities of hospitality which may so easily be cultivated here.

C. H. W.

On every hand we hear mention of College **College Spirit.** Spirit. We fully agree with everything that is said about the good accomplished by College spirit. Guilford students are as a whole loyal to the different associations, societies, athletics and such like. When Guilford has a ball game on her grounds the majority of the students support it both with their money and with their yells which are both of great value. So as the Base Ball season opens let us become more loyal than ever, let us get out and yell for the team and encourage them.

There is, however, one branch of College life to which the Guilford students show too little loyalty, that is, the College paper. When it comes to that they will all stand back with folded hands as much as to say, "Well that can get along without me." This has been noticed for several years and we are sorry to note that it is becoming more so each year. During the past Fall it can truly be said that no student at Guilford College has taken it upon himself *primarily* to sit down and write an article or a story for the Collegian.

Guilford students, where is your college spirit when it comes to working for her magazine? It represents the College more than does any ball team which she sends out. "Then let us be up and doing." 'Tis on you that the honor of the paper depends. The editor has been told by people outside of the College that the student body is not doing its

duty. Then don't allow this accusation to continue to be made, show your loyalty by sitting down some day and writing a story for the Collegian, thus clearing *your* conscience of the fact that you haven't been loyal to your College in every way possible.

C. H. W.

For the Comfort of Others. The new spring will bring new styles of women's headgear. What this will be we can only conjecture. The cry always is for something entirely new and for the past five years hats have increased in size. If they are to continue at the given rate, by the end of the season as much good may be derived from reading the newspaper accounts of sermons, lectures, base ball games and various parades as if you were present in person and with a great deal less strain on your temper and neck.

Haven't you noticed how much a man's hat is a part of his being? Your friend can easily be recognized by his hat, because it looks like him.

Women never wear their head dress long enough to attribute any of their personal charm to it, chiefly because the hat in question is so massive and so very uncomfortable that her life would be endangered by anything like continued wear.

Then too, you soon become tired of looking at a large expanse of water, prairie, or even hat.

May the hats decrease so that it may be said

"Still the wonder grew
That one small hat could cover
All she knew."

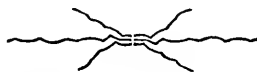
W.

Athletics. We note with pleasure the interest our people are taking in athletics. During the present year we have entered two new intercollegiate games, one in tennis in which we won our first and only

tournament, the other in basket ball in which we won two very good and interesting games over the Winston-Salem Y. M. C. A.

We believe that both tennis and basket ball should be made more prominent in Southern intercollegiate athletics. They are played at such a season of the year as not to interfere very much with base ball and foot ball. Especially is basket ball preeminently suited for intercollegiate contests since it is a gymnasium game occupying the winter months from the close of the foot ball season until base ball begins.

D. H. C.



Locals and Personals.

FLORENCE L. ROBERSON '06 } EDITORS.
DUDLEY D. CARROLL, '07 }

Reception!!

Valentines!!!

Rah! Rah! Rah! for the Basket-ball Team.

Pres. Hobbs attended the banquet given in honor of Secretary Victor H. Metcalf at High Point on the evening of the 6th, a review of which he gave the students on the morning of the 7th.

"Becky" McEachbin says the preacher egan talking to me about financial matters, (meaning spiritual matters.)

Miss Muriel Joyner of Greensboro was the guest of Miss Irene Outland on the 4th and 5th.

R. P. Dicks '04 has taken charge of the New York branch office of the Hunter Manufacturing Co., Greensboro, N. C.

Benbow—"How are you this morning, Miss Jones?"

Miss Jones, (absent-mindedly)—"Beg your pardon, what did you say, Louis?" From this it is evident, that out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh.

Misses Kate Langston and Minnie Williams stopped over with friends at the College while on their way to Baltimore where they go to enter a School for trained nurses.

Glenn Hudson continues to visit friends in the College vicinity.

Hugh P. Leak a former student has accepted a position with the Bradstreet Agency at Greensboro, N. C.

John Neal (while preparing his mid-week scripture lesson) —"Say Critz, who was crucified God or Jesus Christ?"

And still they come. With this issue we announce the

wedding of Mr. John Oscar Redding, '98, to Miss Blanche Penn Wood, on the 15th at Asheboro, N. C.

Miss Cora Peck of Greensboro visited her sister Miss Saza on the 11th and 12th.

On account of sickness, Miss Marguerite Cartland has been compelled to give up her studies and return to her home at Greensboro. All regret to loose her and hope that ere long she may again be with us.

Prof.—“What is Economics?”

L. H.—“Living decently but not extravagantly.”

J. D. Cox, '04, of High Point spent a few hours at the College on the 7th.

Prof. Wilson, after wearing bandages as a result of a sprained wrist, said, “I believe I could soon learn to wear harness.”

THINGS OBSERVED AT THE POND AMONG THE SKATERS:

Miss Blair's fall.

“Molly” Poole's gallantry among the ladies.

Cabell Lindsay doing stunts.

Prof. Binford sliding down the hill behind his sled.

His call for a sled of a lower rate of speed or one that he could keep up with.

“The blind leading the blind.”

Dr. Fox assisting the ladies.

The devotion among certain couples.

Carroll's wreck and “fatal” results.

Tom Benbow trying to stand on his head.

What a teacher would do in an emergency.

Grover Haynes says that with good coaching he hopes to pass on the “Art of Lovemaking” at the next trial.

Y. M. C. A.—Singers Retreat.

Prof.—“What is Chivalry?”

Edwards—“It is some kind of a religious movement.”

The following have been elected as contestants by the three literary societies for their oratorical contests: From the Henry Clay: Blackburn, Carroll, Rabb, Poole, Watson and Lindley. From the Websterian: Anderson, Couch, A. Ricks, Lamb and Denny. From the Philagorean, Misses Burgess, Henley, Shamberger, Lindsay, Korner and Riaford.

Y. M. C. A.

NOTES.

Since the last issue of the COLLEGIAN, the various committees of the Y. M. C. A. have been not a whit less active than before. The new mission study classes have been started with good attendance and much interest on the part of the students, and the prospects for a good term's work in this department are already in sight. If you are one of the men enrolled in mission study, help things along at least by your regular attendance throughout the term, and you will benefit not only yourself but the rest of us.

About Bible study. This committee has recently carried on one of the most successful campaigns for enrollment in this study that we've had here. On the evening of February 2nd, Rev. J. P. Rogers, of Mocksville, N. C., delivered to the young men a short but forceful address on “Bible Study” and by means of it and a thorough canvass, our enrollment has exceeded fifty, which excluding day students, is over two-thirds of the men in college. The problem now is to maintain a good attendance in these classes, and you should do your part.

At the regular business meeting of the association on Thursday evening, February 9th, the reports from the vari-

ous committees were read and adopted, all showing that a great amount of work had been done during the past year and plans for this spring well developed. This we are glad to note. The newly elected officers are one of the best sets we've ever had, too. But with all these gratifying results, it is a fact that this association has almost entirely failed to do its supreme duty during the past year. That is, how many men has it led to Christ? The number is very small indeed. It is true that we have just had a good series of meetings led by Rev. F. W. Grabs, '94, of Bethania, N. C., and we are endeavoring to make them count for something by following them up in the best possible way, but it is a fact that during the past year we have paid too little attention to this the most important phase of association work. We give too little time to it, our series are too short, the more active workers in the association haven't done what they could—and when I say this, I include the writer—and it is now time that we should wake up to our error. No matter how much other work we have done, that is all good, but as Christians, have we done, and are we doing our duty?

Athletics.

BASKET BALL.

The season of basket ball has closed. Two games have been played and in each Guilford came out victorious. The special feature of the games has been the stick-to-it spirit which each player manifested throughout the game. There were no special stars but it was through the combined efforts that the victories were due. We can't help mentioning in passing the excellent work done by Hinkle and the manouvers of Rabb his comrade at that position, to advance the ball to his basket and to keep his opponent guessing what he

would do next. C. Lindsay played his position at centre with interesting energy and made some beautiful throws into the basket from long distances. Anderson was always at his post as forward and could be relied upon for reaching as high as any one and also for keeping the ball in Guilford's possession. It was on account of our being able to keep the ball in our possession that we won.

The experience we have had in basket ball this season impresses upon our mind the need of such a game between the colleges of the State. It is played during a time when no outdoor sports can be engaged in. It is the best all round game for the development of the physical man. It has the developing qualities of football yet is not so dangerous. It makes the mind act quickly and in that respect as good as base ball.

To sum it all up, Basket Ball is an all round good sport and the student body can do no better thing than to encourage it next season and to arrange intercollegiate contests.

W. G. L.

BASE BALL.

Owing to the inclement weather, no out door exercise has been placed upon the men who will make our team, but the gymnasium has been used for all it is worth. Basket ball and gymnasium contests are sure developers of base ball men and right along now is this being clearly demonstrated. Our team will be unusually strong this year as the following will show.

In the box, we will have Johnson, Hobbs W. and Price. These men have done some good service for Guilford before and by the increased number of twirls they can send forth, this reputation will not be lowered. There is trouble ahead for somebody. Hobbs L. will be at his old stand behind the bat with the determination that the eighth commandment shall

not be violated. Base runners will find this out soon enough.

Then with Murrow on first, Doak C. on second, Watson on third, and Lindsay W. at short, a better in field could not be desired. These fellows have it in them to play ball and can always be counted upon. The infield then is considered made. For outfield Lindsay C., Lindley, Rabb, Anderson, Groome, and White will contend. This being the only chance to "make the team" the playing will be sharp and snappy and you will hear from it later.

The following schedule has been arranged.

March 17th Sharpe's Institute at Guilford College.

March 18th University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

March 31st Elon at Elon College.

April 1st A. and M. at Raleigh.

April 8th Danville M. Institute at Greensboro.

April 11th Davidson at Davidson.

April 12th St. Mary's at Belmont.

April 13 Furman at Greenville.

April 14 Erskine at Due West.

April 15 South Carolina at Columbia.

April 20 Syracuse at Greensboro.

April 24 S. Carolina at Greensboro.

April 26 Furman at Guilford College.

April 29 Elon at Guilford College.

May 5 Wake Forest at Wake Forest.

May 6 Wake Forest at Wake Forest.

May -- Trinity at Guilford College.

Exchanges.

F. B. HENDRICKS, EDITOR.

Generally speaking the January issues of our exchanges seem to have suffered a reaction resulting perhaps from the extra effort put forth to properly celebrate the Christmas occasion. Quite a number sought to do this by donning extra finery in the way of fancy covers; others by their fiction and verse or a combination of the two. This is all very commendable for the cover design was for the most artistic and the reading matter enjoyable. All that we regret is that this effort was not of a more lasting nature. In justice, however, it may be said that many of the magazines are quite up to the standard.

Buff and Blue contains a much larger number of contributed articles than usual. "A Modern Knight Errant" though short, is told in a straight forward way and the plot is well worked out.

The following poem we quote in full:

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE.

What priceless treasures does it hold
This new-born heir of all the past!
To it have ages left their gold
In works their thought and toil have cast.
So comes to us another year;
The crown of years gone by is here.
As heaven's mercy, shining new,
Another start for us procures,
This word appears more grandly true.
The mercy of the Lord endures.
Although we marred last year with sins,
As pure as Eden this begins.
As though all gloom it would destroy,
Appeared the New Year's smiling face:

It best described that rarest joy
That comes with God's forgiving grace.
How good it is to be alive
In this blest year of Nineteen-Five.

We have received for the first time a copy of the *Onachita Ripples* which is an interesting and instructive paper. We take pleasure in extending to it a welcome among our exchanges.

The College Message has several short but interesting little stories. "Marie's Christmas Present" is quite a readable bit of work and shows some originality. The *Message* Staff is to be commended for the efficiency of its work.

In none of the exchanges on our table have we noted better essays than in the *Randolph Macon Monthly* under the caption "Shakespeare, Man and Artist"; the author discusses at some length and in forceful language (1) Shakespeare's life and (2) the man as artist. While there is nothing new in this, it is a subject which never loses interest. Besides other essays there is some fiction which is of a high order. "Mistaken" is a story which deserves more than passing notice.

We beg to acknowledge the following:

The Phoenix, Hamptonia, George School Ides, Haverfordian, Park School Gazette, Wilmingtonian, Criterion, Earlhamite, Comenian, Westonian, Brown Alumni Monthly, Wake Forest Student, and The Red and White.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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March, 1905.

No. 6.

DR. ALFRED H. LINDLEY.

Dr. Alfred Hadley Lindley, son of Thomas and Mary Long Lindley, was born in Chatham county, North Carolina, in 1821. He was the only one of ten children who lived to mature age.

The death of his youngest sister was a severe blow to him as well as to his widowed mother. His father died when he was just entering upon young manhood, and the responsibility, thus thrown upon him, rapidly developed those manly traits that were so characteristic of his after life.

He was naturally quiet and retiring in disposition, gentle as a woman and remarkably sympathetic, yet firm in his convictions of right.

A birthright member of the Society of Friends, he, in early life, manifested much interest in the affairs of the church. Dr. Lindley was one of the few men who do not grow old in mind and spirit, but kept abreast of the times and was a student from boyhood to the day of his death.

While at New Garden Boarding School as a student, he did excellent work, the record of which is yet among the papers of Guilford College, and was sought out and read with much pleasure and pride by his only surviving son, Clarkson Lindley, a few years ago.

Surely the works of a good man do follow him. After having studied for a time in New Garden Boarding School, he was then employed as teacher. After this he studied medicine and graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, in 1850. The same year he married Eliza J. Hill and began the practice of medicine in Chatham county, where he had the

confidence of the entire community and was remarkably successful as a physician. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he and his brother-in-law, Dr. Nathan B. Hill, went west and settled in Minneapolis, Minn., at that time a small town. Dr. Lindley and Dr. Hill practiced together until the death of Dr. Hill in 1875. Several years after the death of Dr. Hill, Dr. Lindley retired from active practice and devoted his time to business interests and the work of the church. He had the confidence of the entire medical profession and was frequently called in consultation with other physicians.

During his active life he was one of the leading members and promoters of the Hennepin County Medical Society.

During his life many and rapid changes took place in church and in State, but he was always open to new truths and accepted them with much humility and practical common sense. No bonds were upon him save the love of the Saviour, in which he lived and moved continually.

In the days of slavery, Dr. Lindley did much for the enlightenment of all the negroes who came within his influence, and after the war he aided in their education in a very practical manner, giving liberally both to individuals and to institutions. Many of the educational institutions of Friends have received financial support from him. Earlham, Penn, Whit-
tier and Guilford College each received a handsome donation to its endowment from him. The \$5,000 received by Guilford was given in memory of his only daughter, Ella, who died in early womanhood, and by his request is known as the "Ella Lindley Fund for Girls." Much was also dispensed to individuals for educational purposes.

In business he exercised care and good judgment, and was always ready to give a helping hand to any worthy young man or woman who was struggling upward.

Dr. Lindley and his wife were largely interested in the charitable enterprises of the city and gave much thought and aid to them.

The Minneapolis Meeting of Friends recognized him as one of its pillars, and his home was always open to ministers of the Gospel and their needs were met by him as his own.

In short, he was a man who dared to be true to himself, and consequently could not then be false to any man. He passed away, after a brief illness, 2d mo., 16, 1905.

A GLIMPSE AT ZION CITY.

Midway between Chicago and Milwaukee, forty-two miles from either, is Zion City, the far-famed headquarters of the Dowieites. The writer had the pleasure a few weeks ago of spending a day with these people, and he now proceeds to note a few facts and impressions. Zion City lies on the lake front, the site embracing approximately eleven square miles, with a lake front of two and a half miles. The first house was built in August, 1901, and there are now more than ten thousand people from over seventy nationalities permanent dwellers in the city. I went to study the municipal sociology of the community, and, having a letter of introduction, in this way I received every courtesy and accommodation. A guide, one of the elders, met me at the station and we were driven about the city to the various places of interest.

First, as to the material equipment. The whole plant belongs to the General Overseer, John Alexander Dowie, or Dr. Dowie as he is commonly called. No deeds are given in freehold, but lots are leased for 1,100 years. This is for the purpose of prohibiting saloons, drug stores, meat markets and other dens of iniquity. One is surprised at the amount of business done in this young city.

The most noted enterprise is the lace industries, as this is the only plant of its kind in America, and the most complete to be found anywhere; it has eight acres of floor space, and employs hundreds of men and women, turning out millions of yards of lace, from the plainest edgings to the finest curtains. The managers and leading workmen here have been brought here from Europe, and these are the only people in the city who are not converts to the faith. Such men must live outside Zion City, for they allow no one to use tobacco, drink liquor or swear within the city limits.

To show that the city does a good commercial business, we need only state that last year Dr. Dowie paid \$110,000 in freight bills. Whatever is done, you will note, is done by Dowie himself, for he owns the water works, the electrical plant, and for that matter the whole city.

The Zion City Sugar and Confection Plant does a large business, and of excellent quality, as I can testify from liberal samples of their candies. There are the usual merchandise establishments, wood-working mills, flour mills and bakery, bank and real estate agency. These different agencies are organized to promote the religious and spiritual interests, but not only so, but also the educational and moral, the commercial and financial, the political and social, as well. Shiloh Tabernacle, which is a temporary structure, has a seating capacity of 8,000, and its walls are decorated with canes, crutches and appliances, discarded by those who have been miraculously healed.

Elijah Hospice is the large hotel and offers very good accommodations. They make great inducements to investors, as they advertise that the bank pays 9 per cent. The lace industry pays 9 per cent., increasing one per cent. a year until it reaches 12 per cent. Many other industries pay from 6 to 9 per cent. From a business standpoint it looks like a big bubble.

The Sabbath is a closed day in Zion City; no visitors are allowed or strolling on the streets. Services are held at 6:30; Zion Juniors, at 9:30; Bible class, at 11:00; full service at 2:00 and evening service at 8:00. These services are attended by nearly the entire adult population. There is a daily service at 9 o'clock and evening prayer each day at 7 o'clock, Divine Healing meeting each Tuesday at 2 o'clock. There is a general meeting of all the officers each Friday evening, and thus does the General Overseer keep his hand on the throttle.

Their educational system is well organized. There are four school buildings with 1,600 pupils. Education is compulsory, and they maintain night schools and a kindergarten. They have manual training, art and business education. There is a college with 350 pupils. The teachers both in the college and lower schools are appointed by the General Overseer. There are chapel rooms in all the school buildings and daily religious

services are held. All the officials both in the church and in the city, such as policemen and members of the fire department, are appointed by Dr. Dowie. I asked one of the officials if they did not feel that Dowie was a dictator. He assured me that there was no thought of that kind, for they believe that whatever he says will be best to do. Thus it is gladly accepted that Dr. Dowie knows the truth, and his word is the law of the city.

Zion City is a clean place, for they neither allow the people to swear, drink, smoke or chew tobacco, play cards, dance, or go to theatres. All who have such desires are banished with those who steal, lie, defraud or bear false witness.

The population is increasing very fast. Why do the people go to Zion City? The residents are not slow to tell why they are there. Perhaps two testimonies will serve to illustrate. One man who had formerly lived in Ohio told me his story. He said he was in good circumstances financially, but had domestic troubles. He sought the aid and advice of Dr. Dowie, who persuaded him to locate in Zion City, join the Christian Catholic Church and send for his wife and family. This he did in faith. He wrote to his wife to be reconciled and to come to Zion City. She replied that she would not come for a million dollars, "but," he added, "to make a long story short, she is here, contented, and we are a happy family."

Another testimony was from a lady, a cousin of Buffalo Bill. When I asked her why she was there, she did not mince her words. She said she was almost dead, that her back-bone was rotten, and she came in despair to see Dowie. She is now well and strong, and of fine physique. These are samples of the whole population. Everybody himself, some member of his family or near friend, has been healed, cured, or "made good," in some way. This is the type of faith that today has more than 40,000 adherents in the United States.

THOMAS N. NEWLIN.

"LOU."

'Twas the night of the mid-year reception and everything was as merry as a wedding-bell. The girls of Lehigh College were wondering what they should wear to make themselves attractive and the boys—well, they were wondering what they should say to the attractive girls.

The first part of the program passed off as it always did, with the speeches by the leading officers of the various associations. Then came the introductions between the old and the new students. Everybody was introduced to everybody else, but one "new girl" seemed more than popular. All were eager for an introduction to Louise Weffing.

Louise did look charming; her sweet, girlish face beamed with happiness, and her simple dress of white seemed to add the finishing touch to the picture, which was one of youthful grace and beauty. She was a Freshman who had entered at the opening of the spring term, and already she had made many friends among the warm-hearted girls and boys of the college.

Tonight, as she was greeting every one with her cheery words, a tall, dignified Senior stood back from the gay crowd and looked on, as only Seniors can. As he stood thus apart, almost lost in reverie, one of his classmates came up and, slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Say, Everette, have you met Miss Weffing?" The Senior thus addressed, answered in an indifferent tone, "No, I haven't. Why?" "Well, Everette, come along; I want to introduce you; I tell you she is a fine girl," responded Lou's ardent admirer. Everette allowed himself to be taken across the room and went through the formal ceremony, "Miss Weffing, my friend, Mr. Everette." Thus the friendship began.

The happy young girl drew the grave Senior out of his conscious self and soon they were chatting as if they had known each other always. After this first night, many times the reserved Senior was seen with the laughing Freshman, and

socials, skating and ball games only served to strengthen the ever-increasing friendships between them.

Alas! one day, the cheerful face did not smile as usual and the clear blue eyes showed traces of tears. Sorrow had come to Lou's home and her gentle mother had been gathered to her rest. Lou sadly bade farewell to her college friends and left the place where she had spent those four bright, happy months. One face seemed to come to her in comfort—was it the face of one of her kind teachers, or one of her sympathetic girl chums? No, it was the grave face of the Senior. He said good-bye and, as the train pulled out of the little college station, her last view was of the solitary figure of the Senior standing in the station door.

Life passed on with Lou and, instead of books and pencils, she took up the household cares and tried to fill the place of mother to three younger sisters and brothers. Everette took up his books again and, as his graduation day approached, plunged into studying deeper than ever, but he missed the sweet face from the campus and class-room more than any one knew.

Lou wanted so much to attend the graduation exercises of her college, but this was denied her, for her little brother Willie thought it the proper time to take the measles. Poor Lou, disappointed, waited patiently on the little sufferer, instead of being welcomed again in the midst of her friends. After Everette's graduation, he went to New York on a visit and "to look around for himself," as he drolly expressed it. On his way he stopped and saw Lou, but she seemed somehow changed. She had grown so different from the laughing little Freshman of a month ago. This new person, Miss Weffing, that he found was grave enough to be a senior.

Two years passed by and he had heard nothing from Lou, yet although many fair faces had claimed his attention at times, he still remained true to the little Freshman, often looking at her picture and wondering where she was and if the world went well with her.

At length Everette was again in the South where he had taken a position in the national bank of which he bade fair to be president some day. One day on his way to the bank, he met

his cousin, Tom Wilson, who invited him to take supper with him on the following evening. Tom said that one of his sister's friends was visiting her and that she wanted Everette to come around to meet the new girl.

Promptly at the appointed hour Everette rang the bell and waited for admission, little dreaming who the friend would be. Florence Wilson soon opened the door and, in another moment, Everette was standing in the parlor face to face with Lou Wefing. Florence was interrupted in her introduction by the strangers, as she thought, exclaiming, "Lou," "Edgar." "You don't know each other, do you?" cried Florence. A general explanation was of course necessary.

During the evening Lou told Everette how she had been sick for two long months and had thus lost all trace of him. In one happy evening the long hours of anxious thought and ceaseless watching were forgotten and they were happy once again.

Edgar Everette is planning a second visit to New York, but this time the dignified Senior of two years ago will be accompanied by the laughing Freshman.

"MANTISSA."

A VERSICLE.

It is funny to me,
Why the poor honey bee,
Has such awfully bad taste
As to practically waste
Two-thirds of his time
Midst buckwheat and thyme,
In gathering sweets
Which some one else eats,
While he gets, not even, the comb.

Ego.

SNIP, THE MONARCH OF THE RANGE.

Snip was born near the bank of a little stream in the hill country of North Carolina. The country for some distance around was hilly, partly clad in woods, but for the most part covered with sedge grass and dotted with scrubby pines and sassafras, and interrupted occasionally by a farm house and cultivated field, thus forming an ideal home for the rabbit, partridge, and meadow mouse. While in the woods the squirrel chattered by day and the screech owl shrieked at night. Occasionally a wandering dog would come through and chase the rabbits and sometimes a mink would steal from his home in the river bank and catch a stray partridge. But, as a general thing, the place in which Snip and his three brothers first opened their eyes to the light of day was a peaceful country and one admirably suited to their adventures.

There was nothing very remarkable about these four little balls of fur as they chased and boxed each other in the soft sunshine of the south porch, or tumbled over each other in their efforts to meet their mother as she came in from her hunting expeditions. Yet to their mother they seemed the finest kittens in all the world. She gave her entire time to their wants, never failing to bring them each day at least one tender young rabbit, partridge, or mouse, and they in turn loved and trusted her as their only friend and protector. Sometimes they would follow her across the yard to the fields near by and watch with their baby delight her every movement as she endeavored to catch a sparrow or a mouse. Sometimes she would take them around to the side of the chimney, where the catnip grew, and give them little doses of the only kind of medicine which the mother cat imposes on her babies. At first they did not like this, but in time they began to learn its effects, and every time they felt bad they visited the catnip bushes.

As time went on they grew rapidly and formed a happy family. Very often now they would follow their mother on short

hunting trips, and would amuse themselves by catching grasshoppers and butterflies. Thus the summer glided away and the winds of September began to bring the scent of ripening corn across the hills, changing the very nature of life itself. The birds and rabbits had now grown bigger and wiser and the mother had harder work to bring in her daily supplies. Sometimes she would go out in the night or early morning instead of the daytime. At such times she generally slipped away and left her little babies sleeping snugly in their little box. But one cold, rainy morning as she was starting out, one of the little fellows woke up and aroused the others. Soon they were all wide awake and, wondering where their mother had gone, decided to look for her. Where could she be? They had not thought to smell her track, and now they could not find it. On they went through the wet grass, over the branches of fallen trees, and down the red hillside toward the meadow, where they had often followed her. On reaching the foot of the hill, Snip's little grey brother that was leading the way, attempted to cross a little stream, generally dry and parched, but now changed to a rushing rivulet of angry, muddy water. Jumping streams was a new thing for him and, failing to estimate rightly the distance, he fell splashing into it. He struggled and struggled, but in spite of all his efforts, he could not get out. Sometimes he would catch hold of the bank and try to pull himself out, but every time the wet earth gave way and left him choking in the mad water, which now bore him rapidly to the river, where he was soon drowned.

Snip and his two brothers, seeing this, turned up the little stream and made their way back towards home. But Snip could not give up the search. Never before had he known his mother to leave them at night. Could it be possible that she, too, had been drowned? What was life to him without her? She must be found even if his fur was wet and cold and his little limbs almost exhausted. So on he went; morning came, but still no trace of her to cheer his troubled heart. A little while before noon he came again to the same red hillside that he and his brothers had crossed the night before, and there, to his great delight, he saw her track where she had gone

home dragging a bird. So glad was he that for the moment he forgot his tired limbs and aching feet, and set out to follow her trail. Yet his strength was rapidly failing and he had to rest several times before he finally drew himself up the steps of the porch, where the bird had been laid by his mother, who was searching all about the place for her little ones.

It took Snip several days to get over his exposure; in fact, he never got entirely well, for it left him with a cough that bothered him at times. Yet he grew rapidly and soon became the largest and strongest cat in all that country. Sometimes he would go out on fighting expeditions and whip all the other cats in the neighborhood. On these trips he had his special scratching trees and would always visit them to see if any other cat had challenged him.

He became very ambitious now and, not being satisfied with ruling his own beat, would go over to the Rocky Creek district and fight the cats there. So proud was he of his strength that he would go out and stay for weeks. He thus became a terror not only to all the cats, but to the people living in the houses near which he fought. One time he was chased by a dog and escaped death only by putting out one of the dog's eyes and splitting his ear. At another time he was caught in a steel trap and almost beaten to death. But never during all this time did he meet a cat that could match him.

Snip was now in middle life and as strong and powerful as ever, but he remained at home more. What was the use of his traveling around so much now? He was the king of all that country and every saucy chap that dared dispute it was the loser. Yet he would occasionally make his rounds and visit his scratching posts.

This continued for several years, when Snip began to grow old and his cough troubled him a great deal. But in his increasing weakness he never doubted his authority or forgot his title until one night when he went out on one of his rounds and found that another cat had left his mark of defiance deep and broad upon one of his scratching trees. He smelled it and eyed it carefully. "Surely this must be a monster," thought Snip. "He has come to dispute my possession of this beat." For the

first time in his life Snip lost confidence in himself. He had seen the day when he would have searched him out and with a few strokes of his paw done away with him forever. But somehow his courage had left him. Something had wrought a change in him. He would examine the scratch, and with bristled tail and angry growl would claw off the bark.

After a while he decided to follow him, but in spite of all he could do, he was not even his own master. On he went, becoming excited at everything that stirred, but he could not overtake his rival. At length, as the day began to dawn and his strength was almost exhausted, he gave up the search and went home to bewail his fate and nurse his wrath. During all that day he was restless and slept but little, often going to the window, where he would stand on his hind feet, his paws resting on the window sill, and survey with flashing eye and twitching ear the surrounding country.

However, as evening came on, his courage began to return and he bore himself in his old time, dignified manner, as he started out that night to assert his authority. The first scratching tree he visited bore the mark of the intruder. He had just gone and Snip had no trouble in following him. On they went and for miles Snip kept close on his trail, until they arrived at a farm house away on the back side of the Rocky Creek district, which Snip had conquered in his younger days. Here the intruder was at home and he prepared to fight the old king. He was young and strong, Snip was old and lean, but his eye gleamed with the fire of a thousand victories as he sprang with angry growl upon his rival. The fight was fierce and long. At times it seemed that Snip was losing; but his pride could not be conquered. To lose this battle would be to forfeit all the priceless glories of a lifetime. Could he submit to this? No, he must fight on. Back and forth they swayed, locked in death-like grip, the eyes of each gleaming at the other with unyielding hatred. More than once Snip felt his hold weaken and everything a whirl before him. Soon, however, his determination and experience began to tell in his favor. Now they pause and then once more come together. It was the final struggle, and Snip, with a last desperate effort, stretched his rival on

the ground before him, faint and almost too weak to stand—he has conquered.

This was his last victory, for not unto this day has another saucy chap dared to scratch his trees or cross his path.

D. H. COUCH.

SUNBEAM AND I.

Pretty little sunbeam,
Hast thou come to stay?
Hast thou come to take the weary hours away?
Happy little sunbeam,
Cheer me all the way;
Cheer me till the going of the day!
From my lonely window
Keep away the gloom,
Never letting ruthless shadows fill my room.
Shine upon the meadow;
Make the flowers bloom;
Break away the chilling winter's doom.
Clouds sometimes refrain thee
From shining on my grove;
Still thy work is constant in the realms above.
Then, though dark, restrain me
That I may not rove,
But, instead, may wait to see thy love.
Radiant little lover
Ever present be,
That I may forever here thy gladness see.
Then when time is over,
In Eternity,
May we revel there in perfect glee.

JOS. M. PURDIE, '06.

The Guilford Collegian

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Editorials.

Does it often enter the mind of the average student that it is upon him that the burden of the **Aspiration** future rests? This is a question which more than ever before merits the recognition of the young person's mind, since it so vitally concerns the nation's furtherance.

Since this is true, it behooves him who has the best interests of the general good at heart, to see to it that his own personal

development is promoted, in order that he may be a conducive means of sustaining the honor of whatever department of the nation's activity he may choose to promote. His choice may not lead him to the positions which in all appearance claim the highest honors. He may not aim at the President's chair or at the Senate hall, but there are lower positions which must be filled with equal prudence. Wide areas are open in the scientific field. There are problems to be solved which pertain to the life and the health of the people who make up the population of our country. This we see leaves the way to the study of medical and sanitary problems open to those who may desire to follow such vocations. The legal profession is yet wide enough to include many more bright and apt minds within its borders. To these men in their various branches is given the protection of our country's system of justice.

There is one other calling which, though we have subordinated here, really claims a higher place. That is the guidance of those affairs which in psychology are termed spiritual. This, of course, should contain all the ground over which the other callings spread themselves, yet it has the special functions of its own to perform, such as the instruction of the people in the truths which lead to their development in the higher life. These are a few, only, of an indefinite number of things which could be mentioned, to which the student's mind may look forward as its place of service.

So let the young man or woman wake up from the reverie into which they may have fallen and realize that their life is not their own and that it is their duty to prepare it for use in the very best manner possible. We cannot say that we will do this way or that because it will hurt nobody but ourselves, for this is not the case. We owe everything that we are or can possibly make of ourselves to the people with whom we have to live; and just as much as we leave undone that would benefit us, of just so much have we robbed the public. So let us all do the most we possibly can to prepare ourselves for the battle of life in which all must fight.

C. H. W.

Hero
Worshippers. In a recent issue of the *Outlook*, Edward Everett Hale says that Goldsmith's trunk containing books and clothes was lost on the coast of North Carolina some few hundred years ago, and that now in some cellar or attic of Wilmington, these precious relics of the great Oliver may be hidden. In this connection he states that some of our citizens are descendants of Daniel Defoe, of Robinson Crusoe fame, but that they are doubtless ignorant of their distinguished parent and care but little about him as an ancestor.

Our citizens, not being reared in the atmosphere of Boston, have not heretofore exhibited any marked weakness for family trees or the like and the extent of their investigation of things pre-historic is not far beyond Virginia Dare.

We would rather glory in the deeds of our brave, better known men. Yet are we as a State hero-worshippers as we should be?

Not far away lies the battlefield of Guilford Court House, one of the turning points of the American Revolution. The anniversary of this battle will be on the Ides of March, yet few will even recall it. The site of this battle, if farther north, would be set apart as a sort of holy ground, covered with monuments and shafts, and carefully guarded.

Giving all praise to those who have bestowed time, money and care to the beautifying and marking out of this battleground, still we would urge that the State and Nation be not forgetful of those brave sons who paid the price of our freedom by their lives. It would be far preferable to honor their memory than to prowl through musty records to secure a shadowy claim of kinship or in damp cellars for the handkerchief of an English author of the Elizabethan Age. W.

College
Leadership. All organizations and committees must have leaders, and since a very small per cent. of the human family naturally have the ability, energy, and ambition to gain these places by their own effort, unaided by outside influence, the great majority of us

find ourselves in the ranks of those who follow. To this law the college is no exception. Within its unique and secluded community a few men or women manage almost all the organizations. Perhaps they do this creditably and to the best interests of all concerned, but in most cases they are overworked. Very often we see our college leaders attempting to do three or four times as much work as they can do properly. What is the cause for this state of things? Is it because good raw material is lacking? No, sometimes we find it the case that those who are guiding wish to keep all influence in their own hands, and had rather slight all their work than to give up a part of it. But almost always we find the cause in the lack of interest on the part of the lay individual and in the lack of his encouragement by those in authority. Many a man has gone through college almost unknown, who if he had been given something to do and had been encouraged a little early in his course, would have developed qualities of leadership second to none of his fellows.

Let us then give more thought to this subject and by a little effort and encouragement try to develop that quality in every man so essential to the common welfare—competent leadership.

C.

Locals and Personals.

FLORENCE L. ROBERSON '06 } EDITORS.
DUDLEY D. CARROLL, '07 }

Spring.

Inauguration.

Did you say base ball?

Sure! And here's to the success of the team.

Martin has "at last" passed on algebra.

Beware of "simple mistakes" in Trigonometry.

Prof. Wilson visited Washington, Philadelphia and Haverford while on his trip to the inauguration.

Mrs. J. Gilmer Korner, of Kernersville, visited her daughter, Miss Dore, on the 17th and 18th.

Snipes (in society): "Honorable judges, the man was so drunk he couldn't hear and so deaf he couldn't speak."

"When the cats are away, the mice will play." Guilford version: "When the Governor is away, the Ghosts will play."

W. P. Ragan, a former Guilford student, was married to Miss Elizabeth Gurley on the 13th inst. at High Point. We extend our congratulations.

Molly—Becky, what are you doing over there?

Becky—Oh! I'm just looking up some statistics in the *Congregational Record*.

Messrs. C. D. Benbow and C. P. Frazier, of Greensboro, two of the trustees, came out on the 10th to inspect the buildings and grounds. It is needless to say that we are always glad to have the trustees with us.

Prof. White has improved his class-room considerably during the past month for the benefit of his classes in mathematics.

Haynes—See here, Wiley, how many eatimeters are there in a meter?

On the evening of the 11th, President Hobbs gave a lecture on "The Advantages and Requirements of a Teacher." It was not far-fetched as a lecture on such a subject usually is, but a straightforward, plain talk filled with humorous as well as pathetic illustrations.

West Hall has well earned the name, "The Palace of Sweets," suggested by President Hobbs.

The three great features of the gymnasium contest:

The new sophomore.

The burning phosphorous.

The clowns and their jokes.

Professor of Astronomy—Why can you best observe the chromospheres of the sun in the day time?

H. Ricks—Because you can't see them at night.

The Calhoun Literary Society of the Guilford Graded School gave their first annual oratorical contest on Saturday evening, the 4th. The members of the society may well feel proud of this their first effort. Each of the orations was delivered well. The judges awarded the prize, which was a collection of books, to Miss Bessie White, whose subject was "The Two Emancipators." We congratulate the principal of the school, Mr. Coltrane, to whom credit is due for a great part of the success of the occasion.

The members of the Senior class, having in view the reviving of an old custom, gave a reception to the members of the Junior class on the evening of the 18th in West Hall. It is to be hoped that the efforts of the Seniors will not be fruitless, and that as a result the relations of succeeding classes may be still more friendly toward each other.

Y. M. C. A.

NOTES.

At present the condition of our Y. M. C. A. is very satisfactory, our new set of officers are just the best men that could have been gotten in school for their places, and they have every advantage for making their administration a most successful one, as we feel sure they will; our study classes, both in the Bible and missions, are flourishing; and our regular Thursday evening prayer meetings are better, both in attendance and interest manifested. Since Jos. Purdie has loaned us his organ, the singing has greatly improved, and we owe him a vote of thanks for his help thus rendered. We have also had good meetings of late, especially the ones led by Mrs. Hobbs and Mr. J. B. Smith, and we may and do count ourselves fortunate when we get such leaders as these for our meetings. The topic card of the devotional committee for the remainder of the term contains a list of good leaders and good topics, and we hope that our meetings will be better even than before. Let every student attend these meetings and help get others to attend.

We observed February 12th, the universal day of prayer for students, very successfully, and a few words about it will show how much effort counts for. The meetings held by Rev. F. W. Grabs, '94, of Bethania, N. C., somewhat prepared the fellows for such a meeting as we held on that day. However, on the three evenings preceding the Sunday afternoon meeting, private and group prayer meetings were held in all the boys' dormitories and cottages and the Sunday afternoon meeting, led by Mr. D. R. Parker, '04, of High Point, N. C., was turned into a decision meeting. In this one meetings there were seven conversions and every man there was greatly affected, and we hope spiritually strengthened. Then the prayer meeting in Memorial Hall at night was led by Prof. Wilson for the Y. M. C. A., and was a very helpful meeting. Thus we count our observation of the Universal Day of Prayer very successful.

Recently we have heard from the interstate secretary that the next summer conference will be held at Asheville, N. C., from June 17th to 25th, nine days for good work as well as for pleasure and recreation. We are glad that the conference is to be held at Asheville instead of Waynesville, as it was last year, because a base ball ground and tennis courts are available there and are not at Waynesville, while the scenery is equally good. So we must by all means send, and are planning to send, six or eight men to this conference, for nothing tells on the life of the individual delegate and the association as a whole, like a trip to one of these conferences. We have good men whom we want to send, but we need money to send them, and whoever the reader is, let him remember our need. About the first of May we are going to give some sort of a creditable presentation in Memorial Hall to raise money for this conference, and wherever you are, it will be worth your attending, so when you see it advertised, you'll understand and come. This won't be any one-horse affair, but something worth attending, for we are planning to give you your money's worth.

Then hurrah for the Asheville conference, June 17th to 25th.

Athletics.

ATHLETICS IN GENERAL.

As soon as the foot ball season was over we began to look around for something else to occupy our evenings. Accordingly it was decided to organize a series of cross country runs and to give the winners of these a prize of some kind. Four of the races were run, but owing to bad weather, they were not finished. Besides this, a field day contest for which only those who had played foot ball were eligible for entrance, was arranged, but it, too, was prevented by rain.

When the Christmas holidays were over we turned our attention to basket ball, gymnasium work and skating, which was unusually good and lasted for two or three weeks. Though we

have never before attempted to put out a basket ball team, our efforts during the past winter were attended with great success, seeing that we won two games from the Y. M. C. A. team of Winston-Salem and would have played others, had it not been that basket ball must give way to practice for the gymnasium contest. For this success much credit is due to W. S. Lindsay, the captain of the team, and easily its star player. On the twenty-fifth day of February the gymnasium contest took place and, though there were not so many entries as one might wish, nevertheless there were enough contestants in every event to make things lively. There were also a song by the girls' glee club and a dumb bell drill, both of which came after the contest, and added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Spring has come at last, bringing with it the outdoor sports. Yes, the base ball season is here and every evening finds more than eighteen men out on the diamond, eager to secure a place even on the second team. In players we are not lacking, and with L. Hobbs behind the bat, Johnson and W. Hobbs in the box, Murray on first, Watson on second, W. Lindsay at his old place as short-stop, C. Doak moved over from second (where he played last year) to third, and C. Lindsay, S. Price, Rabb, White, Lindley and Anderson close contestants for the outfielders' positions, we have nothing to fear. Then, too, our manager has arranged the best schedule we have had in a number of years. It includes a week's trip south and games with the leading colleges of this State and South Carolina. We may, then, well have good hopes for a successful season and the championship of the State, so let us rally to the support of our team and its manager and do what we can to help the good work on.

Base ball, however, is not the only sport that is revived with the coming of fair weather. Tennis has come to claim the attention of not only quite a number of the boys, but of the girls as well. We are sorely in need of good courts, but it looks as if we shall have to do the best we can with what we have for this team, since the treasury of the Athletic Association has been drained to the last dollar in order that our base ball team

might be fitted out with good suits, shoes and other necessities. Nevertheless, if the trustees of the college and the manager of the farm will lend us their support and practical assistance, as we feel sure they will, we can with little or no cost greatly improve the four courts which we have at present. As two of our best players of last fall, Rabb and Lindsay, are occupied with base ball and a third, A. Troy, has left college, we shall have to develop others to take their places, for we wish to play several matches this spring. Indeed, one is already arranged with Trinity College. So let us get to work, see what is to be done and do it.

Track work is not to be wholly shoved to the background this year, though it has been consigned to that position among athletics heretofore. This spring we are going to put forth our best efforts towards forming a team and having a meet with some other college. It is certainly time that we Southern colleges and universities were awaking to a realization of the tennis and field sports as developers of strong men. There is nothing that will give a man a better chance to show what is in him than to put the shot, throw the hammer, and run the races.

For some years a sentiment has been growing in opposition to inter-collegiate foot ball, and now, with two unsuccessful seasons staring us in the face, we have come to consider the question seriously. Indeed, our manager has found it almost impossible to secure more than two or three games with colleges of our size and standing. Therefore, we shall have to go up against such teams as those of the A. & M. and U. N. C., or some little preparatory school which it is no honor to beat, while to be defeated by them is a double disgrace. Besides this, it is a well-known fact that, no matter how heavy and strong a team is, it will never be any good without some one to coach it, and as Messrs. Wilson and Binford, who have been doing the coaching for several years past, will be away next year, we shall have to hire a coach or quit playing foot ball. The question then is: Should a college of our size try to put out a team in every class of athletics? Would it not be better for the present at least to let inter-collegiate foot ball drop and devote our efforts more to sending forth a winning base

ball team? Friends of the college! The question is before you. You should give it due consideration that we may not be charged with rushing headlong to any conclusion. "Speak now, or forever hold your peace."

J. H. R.

THE GYMNASIUM CONTEST.

One of the most interesting events of the Guilford College Athletic Association is the annual gymnasium contest. On the evening of February 25th the students and public had the pleasure of witnessing the third annual contest of the gymnasium. The exhibition began promptly at a quarter of eight and lasted until the ringing of the bell, which says: "I leave this world to darkness and to thee."

The number of spectators was not so large as the last contest on account of the inclement weather; but all were in a joyous mood and the encouragement given by them caused the contestants to aspire to a higher notch than they had had hopes of reaching.

The special features in the way of amusement for the contest were the excellent ways in which the clowns entertained the audience. They were in the game from start to finish. They got off many jokes which brought frequent applause.

"Any fool can act the wise man, but it takes a wise man to act the fool." The tableaux (Tab and I), and the moving pictures were excellently carried through under the careful thought and guidance of Mr. Nicholson.

The contestants were few, but the work they did is commendable. The first place was won by Louis Hobbs. J. Fitzgerald and R. C. Lindsay tied for second place. A beautiful loving cup was awarded for the first place in all the events. The prize for the second place was a gymnasium suit. Also pennants were given those winning first places in any event. The electric club swinging by D. Couch was very attractive. It was now in order for the loving cup to be presented, which was done in an excellent manner by Miss Henley. The last on

the programme was a drill. Sixteen boys dressed in duck trousers and blue and red jerseys entertained the audience for fifteen minutes.

Special mention may be given to "Rube, who extinguished himself," and bore it with great courage.

The last to be mentioned, and saved to the last because it was the best, was the song by the Girls' Glee Club.

The following gives the result of each event :

BAG PUNCHING	JUDGED ON FORM	PLACE
J. White		I.
D. H. Couch,		II.
R. C. Lindsay,		III.
TUMBLING	JUDGED ON FORM	PLACE
L. Hobbs,		I.
J. White,		II.
R. C. Lindsay,		III.
PIKES PEAP	JUDGED ON FORM	PLACE
R. E. Denny,		I.
J. O. Fitzgerald,		II.
L. Hobbs,		III.
HIGH JUMP	HEIGHT	PLACE
R. C. Lindsay,	75½ inches	I.
D. H. Couch,	75 inches	II.
R. E. Denny,	74 inches	III.
PULL UP	NO. OF TIMES	PLACE
L. Hobbs,	(15) and (11)	I.
R. C. Lindsay,	(15) and (10)	II.
Groome,	(15) and (9)	III.
CLUB SWINGING	JUDGED ON FORM	PLACE
J. O. Fitzgerald,		I.
D. H. Couch,		II.
R. C. Lindsay,		III.
HIGH KICK	HEIGHT	PLACE
L. Hobbs,	93 inches	I.
R. E. Denny,		II.
J. O. Fitzgerald,		III.
DIP.	NO. OF TIMES	PLACE
L. Hobbs,	22	I.
J. O. Fitzgerald,	17	II.
Groome,		III.
HIGH DIVE	HEIGHT.	PLACE
R. C. Lindsay,	62 inches	I.
J. O. Fitzgerald,	61 inches	II.
L. Hobbs,		III.
POLE CLIMBING	TIME	PLACE
L. Hobbs,	7 1-5 sec.	I.
D. H. Couch,	8 4-5 sec.	II.
R. C. Lindsay,	10 2-5 sec.	III.

OBSTACLE RACE	TIME	PLACE.
L. Hobbs,	1 min. 51 4-5 sec.	I.
J. O. Fitzgerald	1 min. 57 3-5 sec.	II.
R. C. Lindsay,	2 min. 2 1-5 sec.	III.
TOTALS		POINTS
L. Hobbs,		32.
J. O. Fitzgerald, }		18 each.
R. C. Lindsay, }		X. Y. Z.

Exchanges.

B. F. HENDRICKS, EDITOR.

We agree with an editorial in *The Haverfordian* about "the difficulties of editing a magazine in a small college." Why subscribe to your college paper to read embryo writers' efforts when the current monthlies contain articles by the best authors? Perhaps, the only answer is college loyalty.—*The Phoenix*.

There is no doubt that college loyalty is an important factor in the life of the magazine of the small college. We, however, do not believe that "college loyalty" is the "only answer" to the question of why one should subscribe to his college paper. If it were solely upon the literary merits of "the embryo writers' efforts," that the college paper depended, no doubt nothing short of college loyalty—and lots of it—could perpetuate its existence. But if it is what it should be, that is, if it is an index to the life of the institution it represents, then we can see no reason why it should not furnish interesting reading to those who have been or are in any way connected with the institution.

The Red and White sees fit to cry out against the monotony of the stories which have appeared in the various college magazines from time to time, and gives as general types the story of a wasted love—which should not have been wasted, and that of a senseless misunderstanding. And it further makes an appeal for a change of theme from that of love to tales of adventure as an occasional relief.

Evidently the objections which the *Red and White* raises are not without foundation in fact. In reading the college papers one can not help but be struck with the surprisingly large number of unfortunate lovers who meet with about the same difficulties, fight the same battles and come out equally successful in the end.

The Haverfordian, despite its pessimism, is quite up to the standard. Besides the well edited departments, there are some short stories that show a marked improvement over previous issues.

The *Wake Forest Student* contains a number of stories and essays that are among the best that come to our table. The dialect poem, "Uncle Toby on Genealogy," is deserving of special notice.

We desire to acknowledge the following: *The Brown Alumni Monthly*, *The Comenian*, *The Randolph Macon Monthly*, *Oak Leaves*, *The Oracle*, *The Criterion*, *Wilmingtonian*, *Earlhamite*, *The Ivy*, *Park School Gazette*, *Oakwood Index*, *College Message* and the *Universe*.

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EDUCATION OF THE SOUTHERN MASSES.

[Prize oration, spoken in the Websterian Contest on the evening of April 7, 1905.]

The crisis had come. The emancipation had been completed. The roaring of cannon and clashing of arms had died away. The unjust reconstruction had been forced upon us. Then it was that the people of the Southern States found themselves fettered by the relentless power of poverty. A poverty that had never before been known in the annals of our country. But the women who had assiduously tilled the soil, plied the loom and at the same time performed their domestic duties, and the men who had so gallantly fought for their homes, submissively turned to the perplexing problems that confronted them—the rebuilding of their shattered commonwealths.

Without horses, without farming implements, without money, and almost without food, they nobly began their task, but closely interwoven with this great task, there was another difficulty. This was the education of the masses. Thus one of their first efforts was to establish a system of free public instruction, in order that every boy and girl might have an opportunity to develop a strong character. Slowly, universal education has advanced, but it is yet far from the goal.

Why is it that Virginia can no longer be called the mother of presidents? Why is it that North Carolina is considered one of the most illiterate states in the union? Why was it

that a farmer in Virginia sold an old clay field, which he regarded valueless, to a northern man for a hundred dollars and to-day it is worth over a million? Are these conditions due entirely to the negro or the results of war? No! they are due to indifference and ignorance.

When we stop to think that in the mountainous regions of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, out of a million men at the age of twenty-one, there are about two hundred thousand who can neither read nor write; when we call to mind the fact that thirty-five per cent. of the entire population of South Carolina, over ten years of age, are illiterate; and when we find that seventy-five per cent. of the children enrolled in our country public schools, leave school by the time they can read in the fifth reader; we need not wonder at the present sad situation, nor need we wonder when we behold a cloud of untutored people imperiling our welfare.

Education undoubtedly stands foremost in the advancement of civilization. Its value to the individual is inestimable. It develops him morally and socially. It encourages him in the race from penury to wealth. It elevates him from barbarism to civilization. In fine it snatches him from the despotic jaws of ignorance and sets him free in the majestic realms of intelligence. But education has not finished its work when it has bettered the individual, for the nation or state that takes the greatest interest in the education of her masses, will unquestionably stand preeminent among her rivals in wealth and systematic civil institutions. Education inspires our patriotism, making us faithful to our home, loyal to our state, devoted to our nation, and true to our God.

Such are the results of ignorance and such the value, need and effects of an education. Then let us devote ourselves to the "Education of the Southern Masses."

The importance of improving our educational systems has never been realized more than at the present time. Behold the masses of illiterate people that are found anywhere from

the Mississippi River to the Atlantic Ocean, and from the northern boundaries of Virginia to the Gulf of Mexico. See them as they go day after day to their work, never realizing the true value of life. Yonder is a boy who will not attend school. He grows to manhood. He still toils at the daily task, which he worked at when fifteen. He grows old. His hair turns grey. He dies—yet he has never been out of his state. He has never realized the greatness of the world, nor did he ever know the object of life. His life is a mere blot. Here is his brother. He is eager to attend the public school near by. He learns to read, write and work arithmetic. He goes through college, then the university. He has grown to be a man. He becomes influential among his neighbors. He attains to higher and higher honors. He grows old. He dies, beloved by his people and honored by his state. He has seen the beauty of life. He has accomplished something.

From the earliest records of any country, where the masses have been educated, we can ever see men rising from the common people to great fame. What about this in our Sunny South? Can we today claim a single statesman that can begin to be compared with a Clay, a Calhoun or a Patrick Henry? Can we boast of a single famous institution? Can we tell of a single magazine published within our borders that is considered of high merit and standing by the outside world? And have we a single artist or writer of distinction? To what people must we look for the development of this work? They can be no other than the middle class. Such a great need cannot be supplied by the aristocratic few, for talent can only be cultivated, not made. If then we ever expect to make ourselves the people we ought to be, it becomes more and more imperative to educate the masses, not even omitting the negro. For what could make us a nobler people than to have labored willingly in raising a race from the lowest stage of barbarism, to a stage of trust and value in a civilized country?

It is true that we have not been altogether negligent in this duty. For since 1870 the South has disbursed for negro education over one hundred and nine million dollars. Yet many of us are too sensitive over this matter. Let us restrain our impulsive sentiments, and thoughtfully consider the position of the negro. It is not his fault that he is here nor is it the fault of the present white generation. See him in his African home and see him now. Show me a race in all history that has developed more in a century and a half than the colored race. But it is true that the majority have not yet reached the point where they are competent to take a good education. So it remains with us to lay aside the fallacious thought of the transportation of the negro or of keeping him in ignorance. The first may be rejected because it can never be done, the latter because "Ignorance is not a remedy for anything." Then we must keep an open door to education before him, and remember that the elevation of the inferior race is to save ourselves from the blighting influences of narrow-mindedness, intolerance and injustice.

The great problem of educating the masses now confronts us. Many of our best men are devoting their lives to this end. Some of the methods that seem most practicable to the Board of Southern Education are: local supplementary taxation; better trained and paid teachers; consolidation of schools wherever feasible; the improvement of school houses and grounds, and a systematic campaign for arousing popular interest. As an example of what these well-designed plans are doing, we have only to mention the graded school here at Guilford College, which resulted from the cooperation of the community with the state officials. Not only is the building which stands there much more comfortable in every respect than the two little frame buildings previously used, and not only has the system of teaching been established on a firmer basis, but the value of land in the neighborhood, as estimated by some of the most prominent citizens, has increased from

twenty-five to fifty per cent. since the erection of that brick building.

This is what is resulting from the efforts of the Southern Board of Education. Yet very often we fail to show our appreciation of their noble deeds. There are parents who keep their children at home, and will not let them grasp the excellent opportunities. Is not this enough in itself to discourage the ardent leaders? Let us realize our situation. Let us seize with gratefulness the advantages thrust upon us. Let us be more in unison with the rising industrialism of the present time. Let us cast aside the memories of slavery and fall in with the liberal tendency of the age. Then we shall be more enlightened and in accord with the scientific world. Then we shall look upon the negro in a different light and then we shall be a richer, grander people. For surely

“There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

Notwithstanding some things that seem hard to battle with, the “Education of the Southern Masses” is progressing. Slowly yet steadily the powerful hand of knowledge that rules the world is bursting forth from its chains of thralldom and wielding its strength among us. Education in the Southern States is on a better foundation than ever before, and we have all reasons to believe that not very far in the future, as the misty clouds of ignorance roll away from over us, to an unknown horizon, the Southerners will no longer be looked upon as a mass of unthrifty, profligate people, but on the other hand we will be recognized as a people, ever ready to attain to the wealth and opportunities that lie about us. Then it will be that Virginia can once more glory in the renown of her statesmen and the “Old North State” shout the triumphant chorus of knowledge.

RICHARD ARNOLD RICKS, JR.

A PROPHECY.

[Read at the reception of the class of '06 given by the class of '05.]

As I was gazing at the starry skies,
A vision appeared to my dreamy eyes.
In the far distant as far as could see,
At first only darkness appeared to me.

Presently there came from darkness a light;
To my vision appeared a form more bright,
More wondrous indeed than tongue can describe,
When something unwelcomed stood close by my side.

'Twas only an angel with gentle voice,
To me to reveal much to my choice
Who should be who in exalting his name,
As these are the days for acquiring great fame.

"Are there any few more great than the rest?"
Said I to the angel with earnest behest.
"Indeed there are few with honor to affix
And who can they be but the Class of '06?"

"With joy and with honor they ever succeed;
E'en though to some it is difficult indeed;
They never despair when there's Latin to read,
And in mathematics can easily lead.

"First look at Cabell with determinate will,
Who Abraham Lincoln's place can fill.
No man of all men so popular as he,
And doubtless some day a statesman will be.

"He's first in the skating and first in the race,
And easily at base-ball can take second place.
Not depending on extra good looks,
He'd be in demand if he didn't like books.

"Not far behind is Lillian Jinnett,
Who her greatness has not revealed yet,
But some day of women a model shall be,
And this shall not be difficult to see.

"As teacher in China would be her great theme,
If only the way did not difficult seem.
But as teacher and reformer she'll not be surpassed,
While at home she stays and works till the last.

To David and to all it seems very clear,
That scientists appear to him very dear.
A course at Harvard he wishes to take,
That in his profession he make no mistake.

"To Guilford returning with honor and pride,
He keeps a microscope close by his side.
An enemy to bugs he'll ever be known,
As now Prof. Binford has readily shown.

"Close by lives Florence with gleaming eyes,
Never discouraged by not winning a prize.
Faithful and long her course she's pursued,
But as teacher of school will be somewhat rude.

"Discouraged and worried in a very short time,
She thinks to get married would be mighty fine.
So meeting a friend who has lots of money
They decide to unite in the bonds of matrimony.

"Next comes Arnold with a somewhat broad smile,
Erect as a soldier who is always in file.
As admirer of the ladies he can't be surpassed,
And to find one to suit him he'll try till the last.

"As a reader of German he has done mighty well,
While of the Hague Tribunal he often likes to tell.
To reconcile the nations is his one great aim,
And indeed no one could acquire more fame.

"To the Conference he goes with oration complete,
And after its delivery obtains a high seat,
So when others are fighting and wish not to cease,
He simply exhibits his white flag of peace.

"Not far behind a promising young belle,
Who is better known as Sarah Hollowell.
Looking ever forward to her day of graduation,
She desires to succeed the well-known Carrie Nation.

"Taking her axe and hatchet she goes,
Committing too many unheard-of woes.
To home at last driven pursued to her door,
To find a true friend she tries more and Moore.

"Least but not last to the Temple of Fame,
Comes Joseph, running to enlist his name.
Indeed of his future, all know very well,
And more could be said than tongue can now tell.

"Industrious, attentive, working early and late,
As 'Jack of all Trades' some would rather think his fate.
But finishing at Haverford makes known to his teacher,
That returning to Cuba he'll become a street-preacher.

"With organ in one hand, megaphone in the other,
He'll tell all the people to keep from the gutter.
In giving amusement to old as well as young,
He preaches, plays, sings and talks in every tongue.

"Finally," says the voice, "only be of good cheer,
There's Gertrude Wilson, who comes very near
Acquiring the place most renowned by all,
When she to her side some helpers doth call.

"As debater and scholar she's proved herself capable,
And in making stump speeches will be quite able
To finish the work by Frances Willard begun,
And at last be remembered as she hath been done."

With these final words the voice did then cease,
And to my weary eyes came once more release,
Now of the distant no more could be told,
Than you who are present do surely behold.

TERRY D. SHARP, '05.

"THE WOMAN'S CONQUEST."

In a recent copy of "THE COLLEGIAN," there appeared an article in which a description of the orations of the class of '06 was attempted. In this succinct account there was the surprising statement that one of the discourses was on "The Effect of the Woman's Conquest on the English Language." While this was not the title of the oration referred to, nevertheless it supplies a heading for the present article. That the Woman's Conquest is a subject demanding serious consideration no one will deny. And lately, on viewing some of the strange events of the past and more especially those of the more interesting present, we have been solemnly impressed with the duty of encouraging some thoughts directly on this line. Greater compliments no man can pay to his thoughts than to present them to the world. While it is true that many correct ideas have been penned in behalf of historical deeds, nevertheless no theme to my mind, demands a more searching scrutiny just now than that of the Woman's Conquest.

Wander where you please in the realms of historic narratives, you will find that many a great deed was accomplished by woman. See Jael standing at the door of her tent exultingly say to Barak, "Come, and I will show thee the man whom thou seekest." Jael had given refuge to an enemy and while he was in the sweet embrace of sleep she had taken a hammer and driven a nail through the temples of Sisera, fastening him to the ground. Thus she subdued one of the enemies of Israel. Again, hear the winning words with which Delilah masters Samson. She conquers the mighty man and exposes him to open hands. Hear him then say:

"I thought where all thy circling wiles would end;
 In feign'd religion, smooth hypocrisy !
 But had thy love, still odiously presented,
 Been, as it ought, sincere, it would have taught thee
 Far other reasonings, bro't forth other deeds."

Listen to him again in his declining years :

"O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
 Irrecoverably dark, total eclipse
 Without all hope of day!"

Zenobia, a celebrated princess of Palmyra, dared to face the Roman Emperor, Aurelian, and subdued him. She was a woman well versed in literature and military tactics. These she sharpened against the emperor and she took seven hundred thousand men in her triumphant conquest.

Joan of Arc intrepidly marches in front of a valiant host, ready to set her nation free from the intruding enemy. Flying their pennons, and with such a seraphic leader, her army completely routed the English at Orleans. Her indomitable courage, clear conscience and ardent zeal inspired her soldiers almost to madness.

Within the pale of mythology also can be found those women whose names have kindled wars and, almost contrary to fate, have changed the course of nations. Let us mention one. The beautiful Helena

"Possessed of all those glowing charms,
 That fir'd the Trojan boy,
 And kindled love with war's alarms
 Around the walls of Troy,"

is one of those characters whose names have called forth the highest genius to celebrate their majesty.

The names of other ancient women distinguished by their prowess might be mentioned. But let us turn to the present day and leave the past under its own cover of uncertainty. And while the words of Scott may be applicable to those of

olden time, let it not be said of the fair sex of to-day that "They had strength to subdue what they lackt wisdom to keep."

Woman to-day exerts her power to bring about woman's suffrage. Amid the flames of political campaigns she arises, aspiring to the full rights of citizenship. See Belva Lockwood vie for the Presidential chair. She asserts her claims to such an honored position by virtue of her educated mind and capability to command. Who knows but that the day is near at hand when the sympathetic touch of woman shall peal the healing pæan from the now-discordant lyre of government? Who can tell but that her naturally refined sense of harmony shall be successfully brought to bear for the weal of our nation? Time alone can solve these perplexing problems.

From this civic scene let us turn to the very heart of the nation, the Capitol of the land, and what is it that strikingly causes us to pause in Statuary Hall? It is the lone figure of a woman in the distinguished cohort of notable citizens. The stern sublimity of her placid face recalls the days of happy toil she passed for the sake of her fellowbeings. Frances E. Williard's name stands foremost in the list of America's noble women.

Passing from the concrete to the abstract, let us see what influence the fair sex has in our midst. What mortal can more easily hush a crowd of rough boys than a pure maiden? Who, to-day, exerts the greatest power over men? Is it not that woman by the cradle who molds the yielding thoughts of her tender child? There she can fill that vernal breast with noble thoughts and holy aspirations, or poison it with detestable and anarchic motives. And while it may be true that many youths disregard the ancient landmarks set up by their loving mothers, still that seed that has been sown in virgin soil is not always destined to die, although hindered in its growth. Women have poured the cup of ambition into

the hearts of men and have inspired them to obtain seats of highest honor. This she does to-day.

But it is true that if woman is to wield much influence in this age of enlightenment, it must be through the medium of education. Beauty may have a great effect on man, but beauty mounted on a pedestal of art and science produces a figure more impressive and sublime than that which the simple contour and color can give. To-day colleges are open for both sexes alike. Young men and young ladies conquer the same lessons and toil in the same class-rooms. No longer is she satisfied with a little knowledge. She would go as high as man into the regions of learning. She conquers here. But you ask: "What good can she derive from studying languages or sciences which she will never use?" The earnest endeavor to learn is never labor lost. Self-confidence and self-possession come by patient work and assiduous toil on the tasks assigned from day to day. And self-confidence and self-possession are not mean powers to have.

Perhaps some sweet lady will say that this picture of woman is taken entirely from a boy's viewpoint. If we have over-drawn the sketch or in any way distorted it, we shall be glad to retouch it. Meanwhile we shall give glory to that woman whose heart is set on doing her duty, first to herself and then to those about her.

JOS. M. PURDIE, '06.

THE HIDDEN TALENT.

In these days of rapid progress, everything available needs to be utilized. Capital must go as far as possible; the greatest return is sought from labor, both physical and mental; the best use has to be made of time and space. In all this rush and activity, man, the chief agent, dare not neglect himself. The talent in him needs to be developed to its utmost.

We ought to lay strong emphasis on the fact that everybody is good for something. This should be impressed indelibly upon the mind of each one. Nature teaches us the lesson of usefulness. The coal, the iron, and the other minerals buried in the earth are changed from their dead state into a form, such that practical good can be driven from them. The plants have their places to fill. The brute animals serve in their respective spheres. By a careful study of nature we find that nothing, animate or inanimate, was made in vain. Of man, that wonderful being composed of body, mind and soul, the masterpiece of workmanship in the creation of the world, can it be said with a thousand-fold emphasis that he was made for a purpose. The very fact that we are living today is a strong indication that our lives are worth something—how much, no one is able to calculate. In God's economy there is a work for every person, a place designed for him to fill; no one else can perform that work or occupy that place. Each one treads a path untrodden by another, a way which must be his own.

The true worth of a person cannot be valued by dollars and cents. That is found in the deeper part of his nature, which is of too great value to be estimated. How seldom do we stop to think how much we or our fellow men are worth. Many a person, ignorant of what is in him, falls far below the standard which lies within his reach. Hence a vast amount of good remains unrecognized.

“Full many a gen of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”

Not in the graves, but in the lives of people, precious talent is buried, in some instances never to come to life. Valuable timber decays on the steep mountain side from which it can not be removed. A fertile piece of ground must be left uncultivated from want of means to drain it. We say, what a

pity for that large timber to be wasted, for that rich soil to be of no service, and wonder whether some way cannot be provided to turn the one into useful lumber, the other into productive land. If we think thus about the wasting wood and the uncultivated ground, what about a man, with his three-fold nature, wasting his precious abilities and spending a life unfruitful to good? It is high time for these hidden talents to be brought into the light and the question to be raised, how the means, hitherto apparently beyond reach, can be procured for developing these powers with which man has been endowed. The sincere, straightforward, pious lives of uncultured people who are a blessing to their community are not to be undervalued, but he who looks into the matter cannot help deploring the enormous waste of ability from the lack of education. A second reference to Gray's *Elegy* gives us a truthful, if not suitable, inscription that might be written over the gates of many graveyards:

“Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre;

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.”

Worse than such a sad state of affairs is that of talent wrongly used. Many a life has made shipwreck in this way. What greater abuse can be imagined than a brilliant mind wasting its force on mean things?

One may not be gifted with extraordinary ability, but every part of his being should be serving its right purpose. We see a man of good health and strong muscle loafing from one place to another as if he knew not what to do with himself, doing absolutely nothing so far as anything good or useful is concerned. It does not take us long to see that such a man

is not using his time and strength in the manner intended by his Creator. A young man with the glow of youth in his face and with the possibilities of a noble life spends much of his time idling about the street corner in town or around the store or mill or some other meeting place in the country, or wandering with worthless companions. We know that young man is not applying his mind and body in a way that will bring out true manhood. Another man finds work in an occupation that is not strictly along the line of honesty or honor; his fellow-men are made to suffer because he engages in that kind of work. That man is spending his energy in a wrong and misleading course. Hear the man from whose lips, as if influenced from the fire of hell, profane expressions and vile utterances are poured forth so as to make him unfit to be in decent company, whose word goes no further than you can see him and hardly that far. What a gross abuse of that most wonderful and helpful gift, the power of speech! See the man with eyes inflamed, staggering as he goes, a terror to his family, a shameful spectacle for the public, a nuisance to the community. Such is the use to which man, made in the image of God, will devote himself. Why all this confusion in the business world, this excitement over political issues, this never ceasing conflict between man and his fellow? It is because man has forgotten who he is and is unconsciously wearing out his strength over that which will never bring him any just returns from his labor. What is the meaning of the over-crowded jails and penitentiaries? All because people despise the gift that is in them for cultivation, and abandon themselves to that lower living for which they were not created.

It is very easy for one to be indifferent about his natural qualifications and live on as if nothing were expected of him and nothing depended on his exertion. Between the two extremes of thinking that he is everything and that he is nothing, everyone should find himself taking the happy

medium. Through either an unduly exalted opinion of himself or an improper self-abasement one is in danger of being nowhere for any practical purpose. His condition is well described in the quotation:

“Between the great things that we cannot do, and the small things that we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.”

Something is needed to counteract the wrong tendency in human affairs. If left to take its own course, it will proceed from bad to worse. There is one thing—the only thing—that will set matters right; education in the best all-round sense of the word. In the case of the hidden talent one needs to be taught how to see and value and develop that latent power within. In the case of the ability freely exerted, but in a false and hurtful way, the unfortunate individual has to learn the error of his way so as to change his course of action. It may seem strange that a man can live on in an easy manner, not realizing that there exists in him a spark which only needs the fanning to be kindled into a glowing flame. Stranger yet is it with the man who is conscious of his bright qualities and is employing them to the utmost, but all the time pouring them into the wrong channel. Let a person be a perfect genius with the most profound learning; if he does not devote himself to the right pursuit, one great lesson remains to be learned; that is, how to bring out his true self.

The trouble too often is that people are not willing to learn. One of the worst specimens of ignorance is the one who thinks he knows much when he really knows nothing. Whoever is in that pitiable state, whether he be learned or unlearned, of bright or dull mind, needs more education, or education of a different kind from that with which he may be encumbered. Education will bring one out of such a state. It does not in itself make a human being what he ought to be, but it enables him to do this for himself. The sun's rays, with their light and heat and chemical properties, do not constitute the plant, but the plant, by coming in contact with

these forces and appropriating them to itself, is enabled to grow and thrive according to its own nature. This effect of the rays does not merely touch the plant, but it goes through every part of it, causing it to develop into something useful and beautiful after its kind. So a person becoming thoroughly imbued with the spirit and reality of true education until it affects his entire being, grows up in the strength and beauty of true manhood or womanhood. Here lies the splendid opportunity before the college student, not only of making all that can be made out of himself with the help of his college training, but also in this preparation to have at heart the noble purpose of fitting himself to enlighten and uplift his unfortunate fellow creatures in after life.

WALTER GRABS, '94.

LITTLE BLUE VIOLET.

Little blue violet, brimful of fragrance,
Why hast thou withered so sadly away?
Surely my bosom has caused thee no sorrow
That thou shouldst nod, and have died in a day!
There on the plant thou couldst still look up gaily,
Watching those souls passing near by thy side;
There, thou wouldst yet be a blessing to many,—
Now, thou art drooping: by all cast aside.
Surely the thoughts of my heart were not evil
That they should thus sear thy petals of blue:
I was forgetful of thee in thy presence,—
This made thee mournful—but never untrue.
At the expense of thy life I have worn thee
Right near my heart; for pleasure's sweet sake:
Worn thee till now thou art quietly sleeping;
Sleeping, yes, never in sunshine to wake.
Thy day of life, tho' too short was all glorious;
Peacefully, silently, thy work was done:
We make pretensions, and think we are serving,—
Thou didst the service—and didst it alone.

JOS. M. PURDIE.

VISIT OF VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS.

The visit of Vice-President Charles W. Fairbanks and party to the College on the morning of the 23rd of March was one of the great events of the year. Despite the short notice the College authorities had of the intended visit, everybody and everything was ready to greet the distinguished guest.

President Hobbs met the Vice-President at the station and accompanied him to the college. Alighting at the end of the path leading from the road to Memorial Hall, the party walked between two lines of cheering students, whose greeting was cordially returned by the members of the Vice-President's party, led, of course, by the "tall sycamore of the Wabash," himself. Students followed guests into the hall, which was soon filled with the expectant crowd, for it was the first occasion of such a visit in local history.

In a few words President Hobbs presented Hon. Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, but even more of North Carolina, to whose loyal efforts as a Guilford Alumnus the visit of the Vice President is in large measure due. Congressman Dixon then introduced Mr. Fairbanks in a rousing speech. When the Vice President rose to respond he was greeted with a series of cheers that compelled him to pause for a time. He then proceeded to express his appreciation of the reception given him and to say many things in praise of Friends. Judging Quakers in general by those of his own state of Indiana, whom he lauded in highest terms, he offered the thanks of himself and his colleagues for North Carolina's gift of the first Quakers to the Hoosier State, among whom he named Speaker Joseph G. Cannon. Contrary to the usual idea that Friends do not fight, said the Vice President, there is no more belligerent people on earth; but they do their fighting, not with shot and shell, but with the spirit of truth.

"I have one objection to the Friends," said Mr. Fairbanks. "There are not nearly enough of them." Following the address of the Vice President, which was received with an outburst of applause that was apparently quite gratifying to him, Commissioner of Internal Revenue Yerkes, of Kentucky, made an entertaining speech. His objections to Friends were two-fold, his first being that they paid no tax in his department and his second being the same as that of Mr. Fairbanks.

The speech-making over, the Vice President expressed his intention to shake hands with the entire audience, an offer that was eagerly accepted and that he was compelled to carry out to the letter. The party then left the hall returning to the carriages through the line of cheering students, to whom the Vice President continually lifted his hat in acknowledgement. Cheers were given for Fairbanks and for Dixon, and the party rode away in the midst of as hearty farewells as were ever heard at Guilford.

THE PHILAGOREAN-WEBSTERIAN RECEPTION.

In the very beginning of this short account of the most pleasant evening ever spent by the Websterian Society, I wish to say a few words concerning these lines from Long-fellow:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman;
Though she bends him she obeys him,
Though she draws him yet she follows."

In the first two lines the Web's would like to make this change:

"As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the Web. is the Phi."

But in the last two lines we must differ radically with the poet, for it was proved to us on the evening of March thirty-first beyond all doubt that the Philagorean Literary Society obeys no dictator and follows no other society. It is the leader. Others follow. That this statement is true no one who has ever had the honor and the privilege of visiting the Philagorean Society will deny.

The Webs. had long known that in that beautiful hall oratory reigned supreme and music filled the air but never until that program was rendered on the evening of March thirty-first did they fully appreciate this fact.

On arriving at the parlor we were met by the marshal, Miss Hollowell, who gracefully conducted us to the Hall. There in the presence of about forty young ladies presided over by their accomplished president, Miss Mary D. Holmes, the Websterian Society was entertained and instructed in a way which even their imagination had not pictured to them. In giving the program I shall not comment upon the numbers separately but say for each and all that there was nothing to mar its perfection. Each was a peculiarly fit subject handled by a master hand.

The first number on the program was a quartet by Misses Blair, Hollowell, Jones and Benbow. The second, a debate on the question: Resolved, That the government should own and control the larger corporations. Miss Nannie Sue Lindsay supported the affirmative and Miss Gertrude Wilson defended the negative. The third number was a recitation by Miss Moselle Dicks; the fourth, a paper by Miss Florence Roberson, and the fifth, a song by Miss Annie Blair.

The visitors were called on for speeches and six of the Webs. attempted in their feeble way to express our thanks to the Phis. for the pleasures and profits of the evening. After this we retired to West Hall, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion. There a short social and delicious refreshments awaited us. Truly, this was no less

pleasant than the first part of the program. But alas, too soon the tocsin sounded and the Webs. reluctantly took their departure, each bearing with him pleasant memories of an evening never to be forgotten. "A WEB."

DICIA HOUSTON BAKER, M. D.

[A continuation of a series of personal sketches of Guilford graduates begun in 1903.]

In this age of commercialism our estimate of success is largely reckoned according to one's ability to accumulate a bank account. When business ability is coupled with professional skill and both are used as honorable means of advancement in life we have a man or woman whose success is worthy of note. Such an one we have in Dicia Houston Baker, M. D., of Birmingham, Ala.

To many students of New Garden Boarding School Dicia Baker is a familiar name. She was graduated from this institution the year of its transition to Guilford College. For several years subsequent she was in training in that broader school, the school of experience in the work-a-day business world, and to this training is due much of her present success.

In 1895 Miss Baker was graduated from Vanderbilt University in Pharmaceutical Chemistry and in 1898 from the Woman's Medical College of Cincinnati in medicine. Following her graduation she was elected resident physician in the hospital connected with the Medical College, which position she held for several months.

In the winter of 1898 Dr. Baker located in Birmingham and for several years was the only lady physician in the city. To come unknown and unintroduced into a city many of whose inhabitants were not "educated up to the idea of a woman doctor," and possibly were even prejudiced against

one, and build up a practice was no easy task. But Dr. Baker has succeeded in no small degree. She has proven her ability and she not only has a large and lucrative practice in Birmingham but many patients from a distance come to her for professional advice.

As a practical business woman Dr. Baker has invested largely in real estate in Birmingham and is rapidly amassing a fortune that will yield a handsome income.

Her home has every comfort and her surroundings are in every respect most pleasant. Her genial manner has won for her many friends and her skill as a physician has made for her a warm place in the heart of every patient.

Guilford College may be proud to claim such a daughter and the writer feels assured that every friend of her girlhood will be rejoiced to know of her well deserved success.

AMY J. STEVENS, '96.

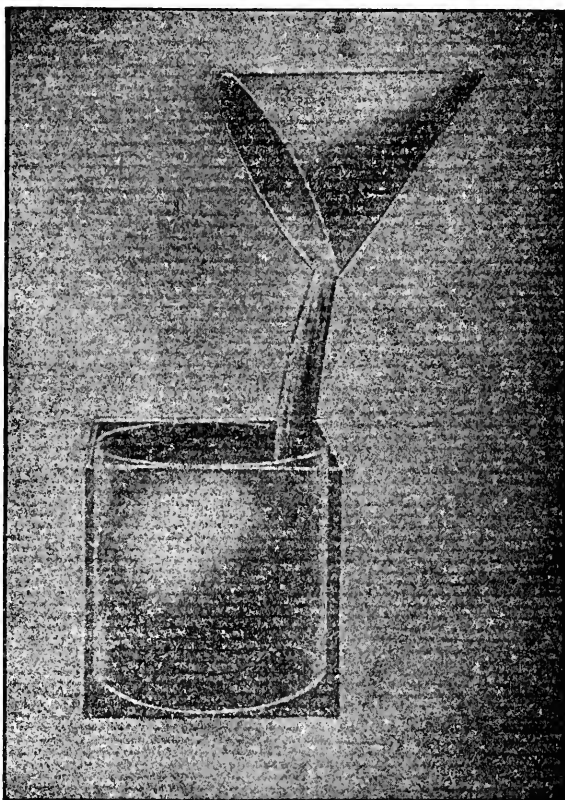


RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN THE MATHEMATICAL
DEPARTMENT.

A few days ago I was very much interested in going with Professor White to see some of his recent purchases for the Mathematical Department. Surely it was a cause for pride to one interested both in the science of mathematics and in the ever accelerating progress of Old Guilford, to see the advancement which has been made here since he struggled in the grasp of Pythagoras. The whole atmosphere of the department seems changed. The mathematics class-room is now a pleasant place to visit. Upon its walls where once a long blackboard was the only adornment, pleasing pictures and charts are now to be seen and about the sides of the room large cases containing drawing model mensuration blocks, surveying instruments, etc., remind one that the old system of mathematical research has passed away and that the laboratory method, now so universal and profitable in other branches of science, is finding a place and supplying a long felt want in this science as well.

Everyone, and especially those who do not readily grasp the principles of Geometry, will readily admit the value of the Ross System of mensuration blocks by which difficult propositions are made clear by experimental proof. Prof. White has added a large number of these blocks, both surface forms and solids, to his department this year. Among these may be mentioned the hollow metallic cylinder and cone by which we may prove experimentally by filling the cone three times with water and emptying it into the cylinder, that the volume of the cone is one-third the volume of a cylinder of the same base and equal altitude and therefore equal to the base multiplied by one-third of the altitude. Others are the dissected circle, square, triangular prism, quadrangular prism cube, sphere, hollow metallic prism and

prism and pyramid (corresponding to the cylinder and cone,) the cube-inscribed-sphere and the cube and cylinder-inscribed-sphere and cone.

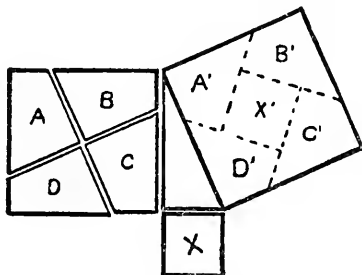


From W. & L. E. Gurley, N. Y.

By means of the last, as may be seen from the accompanying cut, we can quickly prove that the volume of a sphere is equal to two-thirds of the volume of a cylinder of equal diameter and altitude. For when the sphere is placed in the cylinder one cone (base and altitude equal to cylinder) full of water will just finish filling the cylinder.

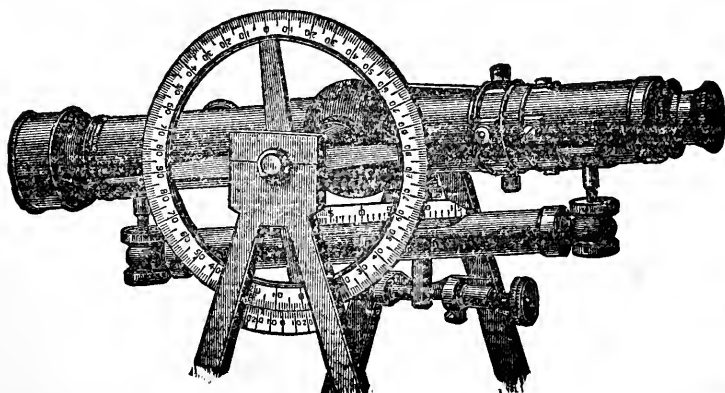
For Plane Geometry in addition to the dissected squares, rhomboids, trapezoids and circles, I noticed a unique

demonstration of the Pythagorean proposition, a cut of which is reproduced here. And for Solid Geometry I was



shown a complete set of Hath's stereoscopic views illustrating in their true relations every proposition in Solid Geometry.

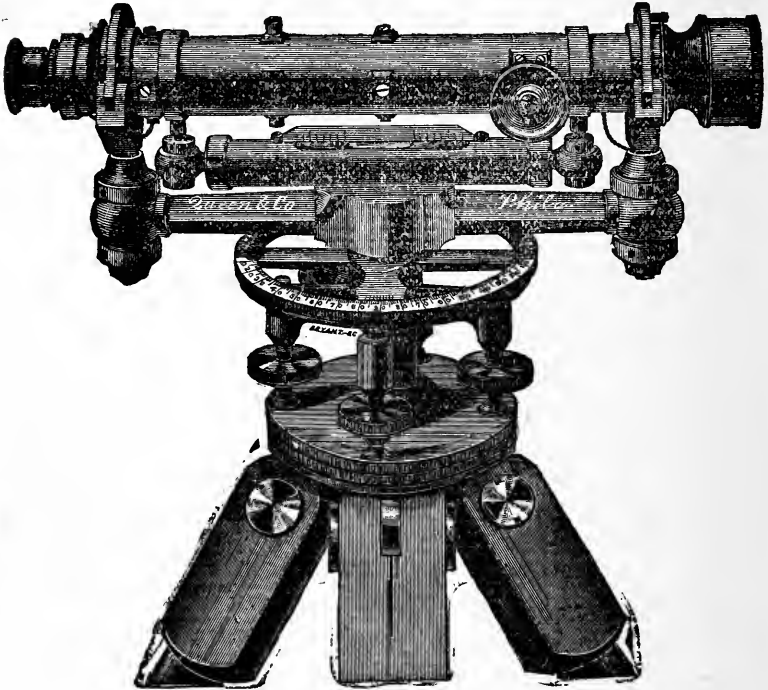
But I must not dwell too long on the subject of Geometry, for there are more important additions than these, those coming under the heads of surveying, engineering, and astronomy. For several years something has been done here in the line of land surveying but not until within the last year has special stress been put upon the subject of engineering in general. The department is now supplied with a splendid Gurley transit as shown in the accompanying cut, together with all necessary chains, tapes, poles, and



From Queen & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

line stakes for plane and curvilinear surveying, also a splen-

did "Queen" architects' level, leveling rods, etc., just purchased. This instrument is shown in the last cut. It is a



From W. D. Ross, Fremont, Ohio.

first-class instrument, as may be seen, and has a twelve-inch telescope of magnifying power of twenty-five diameters, and turns upon a horizontal circle three inches in diameter, graduated from 0 to 90 degrees each way, and is read to five minutes by a vernier. In addition to this the class is using through the kindness of Mr. Kearney Hendricks, of the class of 1900, a twenty-two inch Gurley engineers' level. These high-class instruments which I have named, together with Plane Table and other things necessary to this line of work, seem to be rapidly hastening on the day when Guilford will have a special chair of civil engineering.

While Guilford does not give a course in mathematical astronomy yet, I wish to speak under this head of the work

which is being done in astronomy in general. In addition to the telescope which has been in use here for several years and the large map 12 ft. square of the northern heavens, two new charts of the constellations have recently been added and three dozen stereopticon slides showing the different constellations, the moon in its various phases, the eclipses, and the planets and their satellites. These slides are used both in class work and also for public lectures. Another valuable addition to this and the physics department is the new W. Wilson spectrometer. This is an excellent instrument supplied with both prism, and diffraction grating and turns upon a circle graduated to half degrees and a vernier reading to single minutes. An Episcopes made by Williams, Brown & Earle has also been purchased for the Mathematical, Physical and Biological departments. This is a very valuable instrument, for by means of it all opaque pictures can be projected upon a screen, thus saving a large expense in mounting stereopticon slides.

D. H. COUCH, '06.

The Guilford Collegian

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

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Editorials.

The trees are putting forth their buds, the grass
Spring. is growing, the birds are singing and all nature
seems to have taken on new life. Nor is this confined to the ordinary things about us. We ourselves feel the touch of some unseen power. As the dreary days of winter break away and the zephyr breezes of spring cast their spells upon us, we feel like imitating the Chambered Nautilus by closing all doors of care behind us and wish to step out into the bright and pleasant places of budding nature. To some

extent it is right and good that we should do this, for the body needs rest and refreshment, but from experience and observation it seems to us that the college student is prone to do too much of this kind of thing. It is the easiest thing in the world to loaf about the campus on a pleasant day in spring and watch the birds building their nests and the trees nodding in the breeze. Yet how many easy things have you done that ever amounted to anything? It is the difficult task nobly performed that builds character. It does not take long for the impartial observer to see a great change in a young man, once energetic and studious, who begins to allow himself to spend his time during school hours or during study hours at night in lying about the campus. Soon that young man will unconsciously slight his work, lose interest in his literary society, fraternity or the Y. M. C. A. and become weaker in character, determination, and possibility.

One of the most noticeable things in the college life of the Southern student is the negligent use of proper terms when speaking of College connections. Guilford students thoughtlessly reply "Going to School at Guilford" when asked what they are doing. They are not careful enough to distinguish clearly the difference between school and College. The stranger replied to in the manner just mentioned is liable to conclude very justly that Guilford is nothing more than a mere "prep" school. No well-informed person would think of saying, "Going to school at Oxford" or Harvard or Columbia.

This lack of clearly distinguishing between school and College is a thing noticed more in the West and South than in the Eastern Institutions, where much care is used to keep the school and the College clearly distinct from each other.

Then why should we persist in calling Guilford a school? To be sure it isn't a university, but just as truly can we say that it isn't a school.

Another thing which should be kept in the mind of the college student is the position that he occupies. When he becomes prepared to enter college, he should at least have some ideas as to what life is going to be to him. He should realize that he has begun a phase of life which will determine to a great extent what his whole future will be. So let us realize the fact that we are not merely boys and girls going to school, but that we are College men and women whose duty it is to make the best of our opportunities in order that we may be instrumental in helping some one else gain the knowledge which is ours for the little study which we can do.

C. H. W.

Competition is said to be the life of any institution. Looked at from the point of view of a business man, it would be the means of securing the best service, giving the best bargains, gaining the greatest custom through its instrumentality.

Let us look at it from the stand-point of the college. Here we have the contests of the Football, Baseball, Basketball and Tennis teams with those of the sister colleges. This is all very beneficial to the College as it wins a reputation for her which she may be proud to claim, provided that her games are clean and fair, such as Guilford always has had the name of playing. There is another branch of College rivalry which we as yet have not entered but which would be more of a test of mental than of physical activity. Intercollegiate debating promises to be one of the most entertaining and beneficial of the various kinds of contests. This is not carried on in the Southern Colleges to any great extent

as yet, but is to be hoped that it will be encouraged and that within a few years it may hold as prominent a place in the various college meets as any other one thing. We know that man's ability can not be judged solely by his power to do manual labor or to stand under the oppressing sun's rays, but that he must have intellectual powers which will enable him to withstand the baffling arguments of his companions. Just so it is with the college. She must not only be able to stand the tests of her ability in athletics, but if she is to be a power to help make the world's ideals higher, she must not stop with merely being able to play a winning game of Baseball or Football, but she must make herself known and respected for her ability to send out keen, brainy and active men, who are alive to the questions, which are constantly arising in this age of advancement.

Then let us do all that we can to encourage the spirit of public debating here so that in the future we may be able to meet some other colleges in contests of this kind.

W.

THE WEBSTERIAN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

This year the contest season was opened a great deal earlier than usual and a longer interval will be given between the contests in order that the members of the Faculty may have more time to train the speakers. This being the year for the Websterian Society to hold its contest first, the evening of April seventh was selected and the contest was held on this date. The weather was ideal and the audience large and appreciative. Mr. R. E. Lewis, the president of the society, spoke a few well directed words of welcome and announced the following programme:

1. Spanish Serenade.....Philagorean Glee Club
2. North Carolina Citizenship.....Robert E. Denny

3. A Southern Statesman.....John Anderson
4. Our Relations to Latin America.....David H. Couch
5. Sweetest Story Ever Told.....Websterian Quartette
6. The Quaker in Politics (as shown by John
Bright)Ralph W. Lamb
7. Education of the Southern Masses.....R. Arnold Ricks, Jr.
8. When day fades.....Boys Glee Club

All the orations were excellent, and the contest was very close between Mr. Lamb and Mr. Ricks, although the other speakers conducted themselves very creditably. It might be said that no one forgot a word—which is something unusual—and only one slight repetition was made.

The judges, Rev. F. Walter Grabs, and Messrs. W. Chase Idol and John W. Lewis, after a long and thoughtful consultation rendered their decision in favor of Mr. Ricks and the usual prize, a Webster's Unabridged Dictionary and holder, was presented by Mr. Grabs in one of his characteristic speeches. He said that only one could win the Dictionary, but that each speaker had won a prize for himself. He also reminded the winner that while his success was great, yet he must not consider himself above his fellows, because "he that exalteth himself shall be abased."

The contest is over and we feel sure that all lovers of the *silver* and *blue* feel justly proud of the Society's success.

E. J. COLTRANE.

Locals and Personals.

FLORENCE L. ROBERSON '06 } EDITORS.
DUDLEY D. CARROLL, '07 }

April fool.

Easter bonnets.

Beware of Spring Fever.

President Hobbs is in New York city in the interest of the College.

Misses Cartland and Frazier of Greensboro, attended the Websterian Contest.

The annual lawn parties are being given every morning to the surveying class. Prof. White is host.

Misses Cox and King visited friends at the College recently.

Prof. and Mrs. White charmingly entertained the cottage girls on March 25th.

Some of our young ladies who went to Greensboro lately were seen racing down our main avenue in their "horseless" carriage to get home for supper.

Miss Ida Hutchins of Yadkinville has entered school.

The reception given in honor of the Senior class was a decided success.

The closing exercises of Guilford Graded School on April 1st, marked one of the red-letter days of the community. Gov. Glenn's address in the morning was thoroughly enjoyed. The children played well their part in the afternoon. This has been a successful year, both teachers and pupils having done good work.

Miss Virginia Redding attended the graded school commencement and spent Sunday here with her sister, one of the teachers in that institution.

Mr. Hunt desires information about the angels. Fears that he can not join the "choir invisible."

Prof. D.—What was the chief feature of John Calvin's doctrine?

H. E. (Thoughtfully)—Procrastination.

Athletics.

BASE BALL.

Guilford opened the season with a game on her diamond on March 17th with Sharp Institute. This annual game is usually considered merely a practice game, but this year it was thought to be of unusual interest since Sharp had several semi-professional players in her aggregation.

The game begun, Guilford was slow in getting into it and before she could clearly comprehend it Sharp had piled up three runs. This however was stopped and Guilford went to work in old time fashion.

BATTERIES.

Guilford—Johnson and Hobbs.

Sharp—Oldhom and Sharp.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

									R	H	E
Guilford—	0	0	0	3	1	2	3	x	9	13	4
Sharp—	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	5	3

UNIVERSITY GAME.

On the following day Guilford went down to Chapel Hill to cross bats with the strong team of that place.

The weather was ideal for base-ball and everything else seemed to smile propitiously on the national sport.

There was to be a hard fought game of ball that day and no one knew this better than did Guilford.

The University was first at bat and were retired in one, two, three order.

Lindsay for Guilford was first up and was thrown out at first. Murrow fans. Watson gets two bagger. Hobbs, L. L., gets single and Watson is out at home trying to score. Just so may all the game be judged. 'Vorsity would generally be put out easily while Guilford would nearly always get man to third. However at one time Carolina got two men on bases and had two men out when all at once our good catcher let one go too high over second giving over two runs and the game. Guilford's run was made in the seventh inning by Doak, who made a hit between short and second.

This followed by the hits of Price and "Big" Hobbs brought Doak in for our only run. Hobbs for Guilford struck out nine men and allowed but three hits while only five men were fanned by Sitton and he was found for eight clean hits.

BATTERIES.

Guilford—Hobbs and Hobbs.

Carolina—Sitton and Noble.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

										R	H	E
Guilford—	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	8	4
Carolina—	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2	3	2

TRINITY GAME.

There is no team that Guilford likes better than that of Trinity and there is no team she had rather beat. This being the case Guilford was "laying low" and practicing hard

ELON GAME.

On March 31st Guilford defeated Elon College by a score of 11 to 1. Elon was enabled to score by Guilford's one error.

Price pitched a good game for Guilford while Holt for Elon was batted all over the lot; Watson leading in this.

BATTERIES.

Guilford—Price and Hobbs.

Elon—Holt and Phillips.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

										R	H	E
Guilford—	1	1	2	4	0	0	1	1	x	11	14	1
Elon—	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	3	7

A. & M. GAME.

On the next day, April 1st, Guilford played an intensely exciting game with A. & M. College losing by a score of 3 to 2. The score shows that the game was close but it does not tell all, for the game was as close as is possible for one to be. A. & M's. three runs were made on luck and errors while Guilford succeeded in earning one of hers. In this game as in the Carolina game Guilford had no trouble in getting men to the third base, but could not bring them in.

An incident of luck for A. & M. was in the seventh inning when the score was tied and A. & M. was at the bat with two men out, when Eskridge sent a stiff one to second base man for an easy throw out, but just as the ball neared him it struck a little rock causing it to whirl over baseman's head letting in the winning run.

Hobbs for Guilford and Leval for A. & M. pitched a fine game. Each struck out nine men. Hobbs gave only four

hits while Levol was found for two three-baggers, three two-baggers and four singles, but he kept them scattered.

BATTERIES.

Guilford—Hobbs and Hobbs.

A. & M.—Loyal and Hadley.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

								R	H	E	
Guilford—	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	4	4
A. & M.—	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	3	9	3

BOSTON GAMES.

On April 6th and 7th we were permitted to go down to Greensboro and play the Boston National league team.

We of course did not expect to win but hoped to learn something in the ball line and in this we were not disappointed. It was dead easy for Boston but they paid us some very nice compliments. Lindsay, Watson and Murrow seemed to attract comment by their playing. Hobbs, L. L., owing to a wounded hand was not in either of the games and hence we were weakened in not having our regular battery. John Fox an old Guilford student pitched the second game and he did it well notwithstanding that this was his first game since last season.

BATTERIES FIRST GAME.

Guilford—Price, Robb and Doak.

Boston—Young and Needham.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

SCORE BY INNINGS.										R	H	E
Guilford—	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	3	8	1
Boston—	4	0	0	1	1	0	3	0	x	8	17	2

BATTERIES SECOND GAME.

Guilford—Fox and Doak.

Boston—Horley and Needham.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

SCORE BY INNINGS.										R	H	E
Guilford—	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	2	5	9	4
Boston—	4	6	0	0	1	1	1	2	x	15	17	2

On April 4th Lenoir College came down and gave us a game on our grounds in which Guilford was victorious by a score of 18 to 0.

The game was too one sided to be interesting, though the heavy batting of Guilford was the feature of the game.

Guilford—Hobbs and Hobbs.

Lenoir—Sevearenger, Moser and Bentley.

	R.	H.	E.
Giulford—	2	2	7
Lenoir—	0	0	4

In a game in Greensboro on Saturday, April 8th, Guilford defeated Danville Military Institute by a score of 18 to 0. Danville did not pass second base.

Guilford—Hobbs and Hobbs.

D. M. I.—Woodley and Stallings.

[illegible]

DIRECTORY.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

PHILAGOREAN SOCIETY.

HENRY CLAY SOCIETY.

PRES.—Linnie Shamburger.

PRES.—R. E. Martin.

SEC.—Annie Henley.

SEC.—E. W. Blackburn.

WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

PRES.—R. E. Lewis.

SEC.—D. H. Couch.

ATHLETICS.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

PRES.—R. Ernest Lewis.

SEC.—Carroll E. Rabb.

FOOT BALL TEAM.

BASE BALL.

CAPTAIN—N. C. Farlow.

CAPTAIN—Louis L. Hobbs, Jr.

MANAGER—R. C. Lindsay.

MANAGER—Oscar V. Woosley.

TENNIS

MANAGER—J. H. Ricks.

ASST. MGR. C. C. Frazier.

BASKET BALL TEAM.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Y. M. C. A.

Y. W. C. A.

PRES.—E. J. Coltrane

PRES.—Annie Henley.

SEC.—R. Arnold Ricks.

SEC.—Linnie Shamburger.

J. M. HENDRIX & CO.

Dry Goods and Shoes,

227 SOUTH ELM STREET,

Greensboro, North Carolina.

THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

Vol. XVII.

Commencement, 1905.

No. 8

COMMENCEMENT.

The oratorical contests of the three literary societies took place at their respectively appointed times with a marked success. Commencement proper, however, did not begin until Saturday night, May the 27th, when the annual music recital was given.

On the following day the Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. G. H. Detwiler, pastor of West Market Street Methodist Church of Greensboro. Mr. Detwiler held the attention of his audience while he preached an able sermon from the texts—"The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now." "For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God."

This was a well developed sermon, showing the need of mediaries between the lower and the more advanced stages of development. His final words to the graduating class were full exhortation telling them how that they had been brought to their present stage of development through the medium of the college and its faculty and how that now they should go out as mediaries the different fields open to them. He said that the State was waiting for them, that the nation was waiting for them, and finally, that the whole world needed them to advance its welfare.

Prof. Geo. H. Crowell, of High Point, gave the address for the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. at night. Professor Crowell gave much good advice which every student would be wise to follow.

The Alumni Association was called to order in a public meeting on Monday evening by President Otis E. Mendenhall. The regular program was followed. Mr. Mendenhall, in a few pleasant words, welcomed the class of 1905 into the Alumni Association.

The address of welcome was responded to by Mr. W. G. Lindsay, president of the class. Mr. Mendenhall then introduced the speaker of the evening, Mr. J. Oscar Redding, of Asheboro, N. C., with a very appropriate speech. Mr. Redding spoke on the subject—"The Development of an Adequate Foreign Trade System." This address, full of good thought and sound argument, was enjoyed by the audience. The address was followed by the annual banquet given by the Alumni Association in honor of the graduating class.

Tuesday was commencement day. The day opened with the appearance that there would be rain but the clouds cleared away until the exercises were over. Shortly after ten o'clock the chief marshal, Mr. R. C. Lindsay, followed by President Hobbs and the class of 1905, consisting of two young ladies and nine young men, marched through the audience to their seats on the rostrum.

President Hobbs, with a few words of greeting, welcomed the audience and then read the program for the day which was as follows:

I. Anthem.

II. Devotion.

III. Orations.

1. The Passing of Poland,

James Hoge Ricks, Richmond, Va.

2. The Evolution of a Republic,

Mary Davis Holmes, Woodland, N. C.

3. The Manufacture of Cotton in the South,

William Gibbon Lindsay, Madison, N. C.

IV. Conferring of Degrees.

V. Chorus.

VI. Baccalaureate Address,

Dr. John C. Kilgo.

THESES.

Our Transportation Problem,	Clarence Hamer Whitlock
The Awakened Nation,	Richard Early Martin
We are Debtors to the Norsemen,	Bessie Winchester Benbow
Electricity and Our Industrial Development,	Frederick Byron Hendricks
The Russian Peasantry,	Oscar Vergus Woosley
The Yankees of the East,	James Obediah Fitzgerald, Jr.
Christianity and Social Problems,	Robert Ernest Lewis
The American Laborer as Effected by Unions,	Terry Donnell Sharpe

He then explained that the orations would be delivered and that the Theses had been prepared as a part of the required work. The orations were all well delivered and worthy of much credit. After the delivery of the orations President Hobbs conferred the degrees as follows:

The degree of Bachelor of Arts upon—

Miss Mary Davis Holmes.

Miss Bessie Winchester Benbow.

Mr. James Hoge Ricks.

Mr. William Gibbon Lindsay.

Mr. Oscar Vergus Woosley.

Mr. James Obediah Fitzgerald, Jr.

Mr. Robert Ernest Lewis.

Mr. Terry Donnell Sharpe.

The degree of Bachelor of Science upon—

Mr. Frederick Byron Hendricks.

Mr. Richard Early Martin.

Mr. Clarence Hamer Whitlock.

Then followed the Baccalaureate address by Dr. John C. Kilgo, of Trinity College, on the subject—"The Prophet and

His Place in the World's Welfare." This address was one of the best ever given at Guilford and worthy of imitation. He showed how that the generally accepted idea that our Southern clime is not capable of producing prophets is false by comparing the identical latitudes of some of our Southern cities with some of the cities of the old world noted for their prophets. He showed the need of the prophet at the present time in a plain, attractive style, making the address one of great interest.

President Hobbs made the following announcements:

The Haverford College scholarship of \$300 was awarded to Mr. W. G. Lindsay.

The Bryn Mawr scholarship of \$400 was awarded to Miss Mary D. Holmes.

The Websterian orators prize was given to Mr. R. Arnold Ricks, and the improvement medal to Mr. Harvey G. Snipes.

The Philagorean orator's prize was awarded to Miss Linnie Shamberger and the improvement prize to Miss Mamie Outland.

The Henry Clay orators medal to Mr. Dudley D. Carroll, and the improvement medal to Mr. Johnston King.

He also told of the effort that had been made to increase the endowment fund of the college, and of the success met with, which will be found elsewhere in this issue.

OBS.

MANUFACTURE OF COTTON IN THE SOUTH.

Two wars are now in active operation. Every day we read of the clash of Russian and Japanese arms, or the result of some hard fought battle. We almost heard the thundering of the guns as they mowed great swaths through surging

humanity in the late battle of Port Arthur. We followed with the utmost anxiety the opposing forces at Livyang and Mukden.

But there is another war being waged here in our own country. Silently the forces advance, recede and advance again, renewing the conflict with the greatest intrepidity. This is an industrial war. The strategic point is the culture of cotton manufacturing in the South. The force marshalled on each side in this conflict is the tendency in the South to sell cotton in the raw state against the tendency to sell it manufactured.

In the year 1894 there were 15 million bales of cotton raised in the world. Of that number 11 million bales, or three-fourths of the world's production, was raised in the States south of the Mason and Dixon's line. Of the 11 million bales produced by the South it only kept 18 per cent. to be manufactured within its own borders. Sixty-three per cent. of the whole output was sent to foreign countries and the remainder 19 per cent. was shipped to factories in the North. These figures should put us to thinking how to remedy this evil of selling our cotton in the raw state. The interest of the South is no longer in the shipment of the raw material but in the sale of the finished product. It is better to ship raw cotton than nothing at all; it is better to ship yarn than raw cotton; but it is best to ship the manufactured goods.

The South naturally has a monopoly on cotton. There is no other country so well adapted to its growth. The semi-tropical climate together with the nature of the soil nourishes the plant as is done in no other place. The monopoly, however, is realized more because of the fact that the world is dependant upon the South for its cotton. The saying that the South clothes the world is not devoid of meaning. Every country of the world buys cotton grown by it.

The shipping of the raw cotton takes work out of the hands of the people and thus retards immigration to the South.

Count the hands employed in the cotton mills of England, Germany, and the great cotton factories of the Northern States. If our raw cotton was manufactured here in our own land not only would our people be helped by having more work to do, but it would be a great stimulus for the immigration of a large number of good, honest workmen into our country. A great part of the population of the North is made up of foreigners induced to come there on account of the liberal wages given by certain of its industries. The West is what it is to-day on account of the encouragement it has given people to come and settle there. But up to the present time the South has given no inducements to immigration and the effects of this course can be seen both in its wealth and in its population.

There is another question which must come under our consideration; that is the money which is lost by selling cotton in the raw state. In the raw state cotton sells for 8, 10 and 12 cents per pound. When it is transformed into the finished goods that price is multiplied by 3 or 4. The money received from her mills and factories causes England to hold the exalted position which she does. Out of American grown cotton, after supplying herself, she manufactures and sells to other countries more than all that is manufactured in the United States. England, taking into account all the raw cotton bought from other countries as well as the United States, exports manufactured goods to the value of 350 million dollars. The profit from her industries has made England rich. The bleak hills of New England are more densely populated and worth more on account of the exertions they have made in manufacturing. The reason the South is not richer is due to its failure to profit by these examples. We not only lose the money which is made from the manufacture of the raw cotton, but annually we buy from European mills finished goods made from our cotton to the value of 50 million.

The advantage in manufacturing cotton before selling it can be seen in the tobacco industry. This product, like cotton, is raised almost exclusively in the South. Yet before it is sold it is manufactured. As a consequence of this it has been estimated that there is more money made upon the tobacco industry than any other in proportion to its size. Besides the money made on it, it has been the only means by which the prosperous towns of Winston and Durham of North Carolina, and many others through the tobacco district have been built.

A second advantage is that the South is gifted with an abundance of water power. England is forced to use steam entirely. Thus the cost is immensely increased. All over the southern land streams rushing down from the great Appalachians form water falls. Upon these streams after once a mill has been placed the cost to run the machinery is very small. Then again the fact that the factories are by the fields of cotton is very important. There is no loss in handling, none in shipping and the time which is taken up in these is saved.

The South has always been a country whose only gain of wealth was through the sale of products in the raw state. The money made on goods sold in this shape never amounts to much, therefore the land of Dixie has never tasted the sweets to which it seems to have had the best right. If it only had the monopoly on the manufacture of cotton, this would make it the wealthiest country in all creation. This is no idle dream, it is within its reach. Already North Carolina is awakening from its slumber to the realization of this. North Carolina now has about one-twentieth of all the cotton mills in the United States. North Carolina produces one-twentieth of all the cotton which is grown in the United States. But a still more pleasing and noticeable fact is that the number of bales manufactured in North Carolina equals the number that it produces. The song of a slighted indus-

try which has just passed through awakening the Old North State is being borne by the winds throughout the whole South. But following in the trail are such words of consolation, "All that is required of you to build up this industry is a little more intelligence, push and energy in the manufacture that you have displayed in the production."

The South has made great strides in the manufacture of cotton. But when the fact is made plain that only 18 per cent of her production is manufactured within her borders, it should put us to devising means for even greater efforts. Every year thousands of bales of raw cotton are shipped to England and there manufactured, returned and sold to us. If England can buy raw cotton, ship it 4,000 miles, manufacture it, pay the duty on it and then sell it to us at a profit, why can't we, who are right in the midst of it, manufacture and sell it making a still greater profit? The sooner this fact is recognized the sooner the dark veil which has hung over this line of southern industries will be cleared away; and the sooner we shall reach the point where, instead of being a market for England, Germany and France, they and those countries to which they sell will be a market for us. There are plenty of markets for cotton goods. Europe buys annually 190 million dollars worth, India 160, Africa and Australia in the millions. The goods that are sold to them, are made from our cotton. It is only but right that we should share with them in those markets. But coming to the western hemisphere we find even that the countries here are not supplied from our mills. Here is a market but for the taking; yet we have not ventured to take it. Here is Cuba joining us which buys 6 or 7 million dollars worth of cotton goods, Mexico 5, Central America 4 and South America 50.

What shall we do in regard to these markets? Shall we sit down in ignoble ease while others coming across the seas, fight and win the prize? These markets would gladly patronize us. We only have to meet the conditions.

Another important factor in the development of Southern industries is the Panama canal. The completion of this canal means a new route for ships to travel carrying the produce of the world. It also means that these ships will pass by Southern ports lying along their way. Indeed it means more than this. It means that these cities will grow and become the wealthiest cities of our union. They will be more in touch with the outside world. They will have better transportation both of exports and imports and the result will be that the great commercial centres of the North will be moved to the South.

The shortening of the distance to our western coast is another advantage to be derived from this canal. Instead of taking weeks to sail around the whole of South America to reach San Francisco, the trip can be made in one-third the time. It will make new markets for Southern manufactures. The western part of South America will be open for the introduction of Southern goods. Japan, China, and the whole Orient can be reached by a direct route and will furnish good markets.

There lies the field. It is calling for men of intelligence, energy and perseverance. Let us respond to that call and have a country that we are proud of not only because of its sunny climate and productive soil, but also because of the business activities in which it is engaged.

W. G. LINDSAY, '05.

THE ENDOWMENT.

The prospect for Guilford's endowment is encouraging. The one obstacle in our way for some years was an indebtedness of twenty thousand dollars, which was increased to twenty-seven thousand dollars by the expenses incurred in establishing the electric light plant and improvements necessary for an adequate supply of water.

The debt was all removed in the spring of 1904, and the way was open for appeals for endowment. On April 7, 1905, application was made to Mr. Andrew Carnegie for assistance. The appeal had the endorsement of the vice-president, Charles W. Fairbanks, who visited the college a short time before this date, of the Hon. Jos. G. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, of Dr. Charles D. McIver, and Senator Overman. The appeal met with favor at once, and Mr. Carnegie stated to us that he would be glad to give forty-five thousand dollars on endowment of the college, provided its friends would raise the first forty-five thousand. This was the sum he was requested to give, our object being by his help to raise the endowment to one-hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the college having sixty thousand already.

In a few days afterwards, Professor Thomas Newlin, who has been at the University of Chicago during the year, expecting to return to Guilford next year, informed us that Dr. D. K. Pearsons, of Chicago, had offered twenty-five thousand dollars to Guilford, provided the college will raise three times as much.

The problem now before us is to secure forty-five thousand dollars and thus obtain the Carnegie donation. This will bring us ninety thousand and be more than the amount required to comply with the condition of Dr. D. K. Pearsons. There are now in round numbers twenty thousand dollars outstanding subscriptions towards the forty-five thousand

to be raised by the college. Therefore, the raising of twenty-five thousand dollars now will secure all the outstanding offers, and bring the endowment up to one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. This condition of the endowment demands immediate action. For upon our success at this crisis depends the great increase of Guilford's permanent resources, and the consequent expansion of her possibilities.

L. L. HOBBS.

PURCHASES FOR AND GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY
DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR 1904-1905.

1. From R. J. Mendenhall,	
Catalogued books.....	265
Uncatalogued books, about.....	85
Pamphlets and Magazines, about.....	50
Art Books.....	11
2. From L. M. Wislar, of Pa.,	
The Annals, bimonthly.....	7
Books.....	3
3. Alfred Cope Garrett,	
Vol. 5 of Hastings' Dictionary	1
4. Royal J. Davis,	
Coe's Religion of Mature Mind, etc.....	3
Pamphlets	12
5. From Deborah Parker,	
Books	3
6. From Joshau Bailey,	
a. Out of box of books sent for distribution.....	5
b. Franklin Institute Monthly	12

In addition to the above we have received regularly "The Advocate of Peace," "The Progressive Farmer" and other periodicals besides various reports from different sources. These together with the books purchased make the total addition for the year 641.

Besides there have been put in the Library four large pictures of classical subjects and three small ones, making a total of seven new pictures.

A new bookcase has also been added, also the table and cases for the card catalogue. The cataloguing of the books according to the Dewey system, has been begun though months and perhaps years will be necessary to complete it.

J. W. S., LIBRARIAN.

COLLEGE DATES FOR SCHOLASTIC YEAR 1904-1905.

1. Enrollment the first week 175.
2. Sept. 10—Reception by the Christian Associations.
3. Sept. 17—Readings from Riley, Dunbar, etc., by Prof. R. J. Davis.
4. Sept. 19-22—Series of meetings conducted by Eli Reece and Edgar Williams, for boys and girls separately.
5. Sept. 24—Lecture by President Hobbs; subject—Habit.
6. Sept. 24—First football game of the season played with A. & M.
7. Sept. 26—Lecture by Mrs. Susan M. D. Fry, National Corresponding Secretary of the W. C. T. U.
8. Sept. 29—Bible study rally. Speaker—P. M. Colberts, city secretary for Winston-Salem.

9. Oct. 1—Lecture—Prof. J. F. Davis. Subject—Elijah and Prophetical Interpretation.
10. Oct. 15—Lecture by Mary M. Hobbs. Subject—Charles Wagner.
11. Oct. 22—Lecture by Prof. G. W. White. Subject, Stars and Star Worship.
12. Oct. 30—Mexico and what the missionaries have accomplished there, by Mr. John S. Turner, of Mexico City, head of Methodist book concern for all Spanish speaking people.
13. Oct. 31—Miss Mary Hopper, travelling secretary of the Y. W. C. A., visited the college.
14. Nov. 2-3—Rev. William Pettit, general secretary for the student volunteer movement, to boys alone, and to all on missions.
15. Nov. 7—Schubert Quartette, of Boston.
16. Nov. 12—Lecture by John W. Woody. Subject, "Holy Land."
17. Nov. 13-14—Goseph Glaister, of England, visited the college.
18. Nov. 19—Lecture by Mr. Hume, State Horticulturist. Subject, "Our Forests."
19. Dec. 2—Lecture—Dr. C. L. Raper. Subject, "Can the South raise its own cotton?"
20. Dec. 5—Chapel-talks; Joseph Glaister. Subject, "Protection and Free Trade."
21. Dec. 17—Junior Recital.
22. Jan. 14, '05—Lecture, Prof. R. J. Davis. Subject, "Money."
23. Jan. 29, Feb. 1—Meetings with the boys, conducted by Rev. F. W. Grabbs.

24. Feb. 3—Chapel-talk by Rev. J. P. Rogers, of Mocksville.

25. Feb. 11—Lecture by President Hobbs.

26. Feb. 12—Sermon by Rev. Kirkman, of Spokane, Washington.

27. Feb. 19—Sermon—Perrin Reynolds, of New York.

28. March 17—First base ball game of the season, played with Sharp's Institute.

29. March 18—"Standard Oil and Frenzied Finance," by Profs. Binford, Davis, and Wilson.

30. March 16---John C. Winston and wife visited the college.

31. March 23---Vice-President Fairbanks, Hon. J. M. Dixon and Commissioner Yerkes with a party of 15 or 20 prominent men, visited the college.

32. March 25---Lecture by Prof J. F. Davis. Subject, "The Sayings of Jesus."

33. April 2—Sermon by W. S. Long, D. D.

34. April 15---Lecture by Mr. Dinwiddie, anti-saloon league organizer.

35. April 20---Letter received from Andrew Carnegie, giving us \$45,000.

36. April 14---Websterian oratorical contest---winner, Arnold Ricks. Improvement medal, H. G. Snipes.

37. April 27---Telegram stating that Mr. Pearsons, of Chicago. gives us \$25,000.

38. April 29---Philagorean oratorical contest---Winner, Linnie Shamberger. Improvement prize, Mamie Outland.

39. May 3---Athletic musical.

40. May 13---Y. M. C. A. entertainment.

41. May 30---Henry Clay oratorical contest---winner, Dudley D. Carroll. Improvement medal, Johnston King.

42. Commencement.

May 28---Baccalaureate, Rev. G. H. Detwiler, of Greensboro.

May 29---Alumni address, Oscar Redding, of Asheboro. Followed by a reception.

May 30---Commencement proper. Address by Dr. Kilgo, of Trinity.



The Guilford Collegian

GUILFORD COLLEGE, N. C.

Published on the 20th of each month during the Collegiate Year.

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Vol. XVII.

COMMENCEMENT, 1905.

No. 3.

Editorials.

With end of the year's work THE Farewell Remarks. COLLEGIAN staff wish to offer to the subscribers an apology for the delay in the issue sometimes, and for the smallness of the paper once or twice, but with the drawbacks which only those who have edited the paper can realize the retiring editor has had much to be thankful for. At times when prospects were

very gloomy some one has come along and given him help which was indeed quite useful, and he takes this opportunity of thanking all who have helped by contributions of any kind and to once again impress it upon those who have not offered their services that it is not only a privilege to help themselves and THE COLLEGIAN, but a duty which they owe to their college paper. With the beginning of a new school year why will you puzzle the editor, who will quite likely be "green" at the business, with having to solicit so much work.

The summer vacation is one of the best times which could be used in the first issue in the fall. With this reminding advice cannot some one write a good story or two while enjoying their vacation.

While at first the work of the editor was quite unpleasant, with a little experience and the co-operation of all it has become to him rather a pleasure to issue THE COLLEGIAN. So by way of encouragement he would say to his successor "Don't be discouraged when your material comes in slowly, but just keep on 'fussing' until you get it, for it will come at last."

W.

The College Paper. Among all the student organs the college paper undoubtedly holds one of the highest and most representative places. To it more than to almost anything else, the careful critic turns when he wishes to estimate the time, strength and character of the student body, athletics, oratorical contests, intercollegiate debates and such things do a great and indispensable work in bringing the college before the general public, but the sphere of the college paper is unique. By it we are brought

in touch with the inner life and spirit of our sister colleges. We learn their method of thought and catch their spirit of progress. In short, we breathe their atmosphere.

For these reasons it becomes our duty and our privilege as college students to make our papers representative. Not that we should lay undue stress on this subject, but that we should make our magazine truly represent the college. The success or failure of our efforts in this line rests upon us, the student body. And in order to succeed each of us should do our best to write at least one good article or story for our magazine each year.

C.

Athletics.

BASE BALL.

On April 11th Guilford started on her Southern trip and no team ever experienced worse luck. A schedule of five games had been arranged but on account of rain and a misunderstanding as to eligibility rules only two games were played—one with Davidson at Davidson and one with South Carolina College at Columbia.

DAVIDSON GAME.

On the 11th the team fought one of the hardest battles with Davidson. Hobbs was in the box for Guilford and Vail for Davidson. Vail's reputation is wide but Hobbs more than proved his equal. The Guilford team had on their batting clothes and pounded Vail for nine clean hits, while Davidson was only able to get three scattered hits, and yet the game went against us, 3 to 2.

Up to the sixth inning the score stood 2 to 0 in our favor, Davidson not even getting a man to third base. In this inning, according to the umpire, Hobbs could not get one over the plate and two men walked, after which Morrison hit a good one into left field and both men scored. The same trouble occurred in the eighth, only one man scoring.

We don't like to object to umpires, yet we do not believe in having students for umpires. Twice this experiment has been tried with us at Davidson and next year we hope to get these good fellows away from home and have an impartial umpire.

FIRST GAME WITH SOUTH CAROLINA.

The team could not play the games scheduled with Furman and Erskine and proceeded at once to Columbia and arranged

and played a game with South Carolina on the 13th with the understanding that we were to play again on the 15th. The first game resulted in a score of 5 to 2 in our favor. Hobbs pitched for Guilford and Gilland for South Carolina. But the second game was not played on account of rain and our team discouraged and badly in debt returned home. We knew that it was not due to bad management, however, and decided to play harder ball the remaining part of the season.

SECOND GAME WITH SOUTH CAROLINA.

In Greensboro on April 20th Guilford again defeated the team from Columbia by a score of 11 to 2. Hobbs was put in to pitch but the game was so one-sided that Price pitched the last seven innings. Price is a good pitcher, has plenty of speed and good curve, and held his opponents down to three hits.

WAKE FOREST GAME.

On the next day, April 21st, we had the pleasure of seeing a good game on our own grounds with Wake Forest. The features of the game were a home run by W. Hobbs and Wake Forest's bunting three hits and scoring three runs in the sixth inning. Mr. Brandt, of Greensboro, umpired the game and there was no objection to his decisions. Wake Forest plays good, clean ball and we hope to play them again next year.

Batteries—Guilford, Hobbs and Hobbs; Wake Forest, Turner and Hamryck.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

										R.	H.	E.
Guilford	—3	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	1—6	7	3	
W. Forest	—1	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	0—4	6	3	

ST. JOHN'S GAME.

On April 25th Guilford played a close game in Greensboro with the heavy St. John's team from Annapolis, Md. Hobbs

pitched good ball but was found for a home run by Defries, of St. John's. No one could tell the result of the game until the last man was out and the score-board read—Guilford 7, St. John's 6.

ELON AND GREENSBORO GAMES.

Guilford played two more games, one with Elon at Guilford; score 11 to 0 in favor of the home team; and one with the Greensboro League team, the score being Greensboro 10, Guilford 3.

The season has closed and we have reason to be proud of the team's record. Out of a total of sixteen games Guilford won ten, and three of the six which were lost were to league teams. Taking only college games into account Guilford holds second place in the State, Davidson being in the lead.

W. Hobbs pitched winning ball throughout the season. In each game, which he pitched, an average of four hits was made off his delivery, whereas the opposing pitchers were found for an average of eight hits in each game.

Foot ball will not be played at Guilford next year and we hope to give more attention to base ball. W. Lindsay, who has been our short-stop for four years, will go to Haverford College, and we will lose Watson and probably one or two other good men, but we know that we can play ball with new men and we expect to do it next year: All we ask is that our friends aid us in every possible way, especially by building a ball park.

E.

Locals and Personals.

FLORENCE L. ROBERSON '06 } EDITORS.
DUDLEY D. CARROLL, '07 }

Go! Went!! Gone!!!

They are upon us—Commencement and Examinations.

Just watch our endowment grow. \$45,000 plus \$25,000 equals \$70,000. Three cheers for Carnegie and Pearsons.

The Temperance Movement has a strong advocate in Rev. Edwin Dinwidde who lectured here on April 15th. Rev. Dinwidde came to us from Washington where he advocates temperance legislation before Congress.

Miss Etta Blair, of Asheboro, visited her sister Miss Annie during Commencement. Miss Blair is a former student of Guilford and has a host of friends here who were glad to welcome her.

The Freshmen have stopped the debates in their class meetings since "Dave" Petty took up so much of "their" valuable time a few weeks ago. "Dave" always does the wrong thing at the right time.

Misses Alice Cartland and Katharine Ricks and Messrs. Ralph Parker, "Peck" Dixon and "Mike" Hardin, all '04's, attended the commencement exercises.

Miss Watson, our faithful music teacher, was called home on the 29th on account of the sudden death of her father. In her bereavement she has the deepest sympathy of the faculty and the whole student body.

Pritchett and Purdie are doing a rushing photograph business. Founders scenes are made a specialty.

Miss Florence Hendricks, of Asheboro, was among the commencement visitors and none was more gladly welcomed.

The life of a Guilford student is hard; for instance the boys who undertook to sit with the girls during commencement exercises.

The Y. M. C. A. entertainment on the evening of the 13th was a great success. Home talent only was used and the following program was rendered:

1. Symposium.
2. Readings from Riley.
3. Original Play—"A College Adventure" or "An Invasion of Guilford."
4. Watermelon Song.

Perhaps it was deficient in some respects, but remember that it is the first entertainment of the kind given for several years. Let this mark a new era in this feature of the College work. Have more of this kind and encourage home talent.

Wanted—A preparation to remove "freckles" by Jimmie Daughton.

Mrs. Hackney, our former matron, attended the commencement exercises. The love for Mrs. Hackney among the students has not grown less during her absence. Her visits are not as frequent as we would wish them to be.

The Athletic Association held its regular meeting on the 22nd. The constitution was amended and officers elected for next year as follows: President, R. C. Lindsay; Vice-President, D. M. Petty; Secretary and Treasurer, T. C. Hinkle; Base Ball Manager, D. D. Carroll; First Assistant Manager, N. R. Hodgin; Second Assistant Manager, R. E. Denny; Basket-ball Manager, L. L. Hobbs, Jr.; Tennis Manager, D. H. Couch; Track Team Manager, C. E. Rabb.

As we look forward to the next year's work, it is with regret that we learn that Professors Wilson and Binford will not be back. Doubtless able instructors will take charge of

their departments; yet they will be greatly missed. Professor Wilson goes to Harvard and Professor Binford to Chicago University. THE COLLEGIAN extends best wishes to them in their work.

The Y. W. C. A. will be represented by Misses Isla Fraser and Annie Henley at the annual conference at Asheville this year. The Y. M. C. A. has chosen as delegates to the Southern Students Conference, John Anderson, Fred Hill, D. D. Carroll, Alvah, Lindley, E. J. Coletrane, R. A. Ricks and W. S. Nicholson. This will also be held at Asheville.

O. E. Mendenhall, '95, Walter E. Blair, '98, J. Wilson Carroll, '00, Kearney E. Hendricks, '00, W. C. Hammond, '01, J. Carson Hill, '01, W. Chase Idol, '02, C. E. Leak, '02, A. Homer Ragan, '02, and Irvin Blanchard, '03, were among those who attended the Alumni Banquet on the evening of the 29th.

The Freshmen are complaining about their class picture and heaping abuse on the photographer. It is strange that "folks" expect the photographer to overcome the works of nature. One member remarked that he was going to get a mask the next time he had a picture made.

Y. M. C. A.

NOTES.

At no time in its history has the Young Men's Christian Association progressed more than during the year just closed. Every department of the work has been strengthened and we hope to make next year's work better than ever before.

During the year we have enrolled fifty young men in daily Bible Study Classes, and more than twenty-five young men in Mission Study Classes. This is an increase of about 100 per cent. over preceding years. Also we have had an average attendance of about forty at our weekly prayer meetings, and in addition to all this we have kept game-boards and papers and magazines in the meeting room in order that the young men might have a place to spend their evenings.

We have been very much favored by having with us some very excellent speakers within the last few weeks. On the evening of April 27th Mr. G. C. Huntington, Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the Carolinas, addressed the Association on the subject, "The Claims of the Y. M. C. A. Secretaryship;" and on May 18th Rev. J. Edgar Williams, of Greensboro, presented the "Claims of the Ministry" to us. Both of these addresses were very helpful and gave the Association a more intelligent idea of what a secretary and a minister should do. We have had the various fields of activity in life presented to us, and as a result the Christian young men of the College are selecting professions which will enable them to do their very best for the cause of Christ.

A year ago it was decided that each year the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. should have some one to address the Associations sometime in Commencement week. We had a great deal of trouble in securing a speaker this year but finally Prof. Geo. H. Crowell, of High Point, very kindly consented

to take the place. Prof. Crowell had only three days notice, yet he gave us an excellent address, and if the young men and young women of the college would take his advice, a great many things would change. Through this medium we wish to thank Prof. Crowell for his kindness in coming to us and we sincerely hope that he will visit us again.

But we must not neglect the thing, on which we have put our greatest efforts for the past term, and the thing, which means so much to us—the Y. M. C. A. Summer Conference held in Asheville June 17th–25th. It has been previously announced in this paper that we expected to give an entertainment for the purpose of raising money for the conference fund. The entertainment was given May 13th, and although the weather was not favorable, it was a success, but the financial remuneration was not as great as it would have been, if the weather had been better. Besides this method of raising money we wrote about fifty letters to the Alumni and old students and have received from them twenty dollars. We are very thankful to those who have contributed and if there are others who wish to give anything to the work, it will be greatly appreciated as we are still lacking a little in funds. Those who cannot contribute this year will probably be glad to help us some time in the future.

We planned early in the year to send six or eight delegates to the conference and worked all the time with this in view. As a result the following men will represent the Association this year: R. A. Ricks, D. D. Carroll, W. S. Nicholson, A. E. Lindley, Fred Hill, R. C. Lindsay and E. J. Coltrane. Two years ago we sent one man, last year three men; and this year we will send seven men. There is nothing that means so much to the work as to send a large delegation to this Training School. We have chosen men, who we know can carry forward the work and we expect great things of them next year. We ask our friends everywhere to help us in this, the most important work around Guilford College. E.

Y. W. C. A.

NOTES.

The closing of this another scholastic year marks the closing of another year of the Y. W. C. A.. The interest in the various lines of work, if not as great as possible, has been manifested to a certain degree of satisfaction.

The Bible Study Class which was organized in the early part of the fall term has had an average attendance of eighteen. We studied the portions of Scripture in connection with the Christian Church. The lessons were very instructive and by the personal touch of our leader, Miss Julia White, they were both pleasurable and profitable. In the closing lesson she gave us the following text found in St. John, "He that doeth His will shall know of this teaching.

The Mission Study Class taught by Mrs. Mary E. White had an average attendance of twelve. The text-book used was "Knights of the Laborum." As interest in the Foreign Mission field can be most quickly aroused by a knowledge of the situation and existing we believe that the Mission Study Class to be one of the most important phases of Association work.

Ours, like other Y. W. C. A's of the Southern States is expecting to send delegates to the Conference to be held in Asheville, June 9-20th. We trust that all who spend these ten days among the hills will gather new inspiration and acquire such a knowledge of the work that will result in a deeper interest and a greater work than has ever been in each Association represented.

THE PHILEGOREAN CONTEST.

The second contest of the year was held on the evening of April the twenty-ninth by the Philagorean Literary Society. The contest was presided over very successfully by Miss Mary D. Holmes. Miss Sara Hollowell was the chief marshal of the evening. The stage was very nicely decorated in the beautiful "old gold and white." Much was added to the beauty by use of dogwood branches, which were then in bloom.

The program was of a high order and showed that persistent effort had been made on the part of the speakers to make it the best. It was as follows:

1. Gypsy Chours.....*Balfe*
Phi. Glee Club.
2. Oration—The Maid of Orleans,
Sallie Raiford.
3. Oration—The New Patriotism,
Linnie Shamberger.
4. The Waning Crescent,
Dore Korner.
5. Solo—Spring's Awakening.....*Dudley Buck*
Treva Jones.
6. Oration—The Homeless City.
Blanche Burgess.
7. Oration—Music and Its Mission.
Annie L. Henley.
8. Vocal Trio—When Far From Thee.....*Parks*
Misses Blair, Watson, and Hollowell.

The prize was awarded to Miss Linnie Shamberger, but there were others who made for themselves much honor. The oration—Music and Its mission---by Miss Annie L. Henley, was very impressive and deserves special mention. While it would be a pleasure to expand on the merits of each it is hardly necessary to do so in order to prove the high order of the contest.

C.

THE HENRY CLAY CONTEST.

The last contest of the year was the one given by the Henry Clay Society Saturday evening, May the twentieth.

Mr. R. E. Martin, who presided over the contest, welcomed the audience to the nineteenth annual contest of the Henry Clay Society. He announced the following program:

1. Piano Duet—"Les Sylphis".....*Brockman*
Misses Watson and Cotten.
2. Oration—The Passing of the Indian,
Dudley D. Carroll.
3. Oration—The Chain of the Centuries,
Ruble Poole.
4. Oration—The Self-Made Man,
Guy Edgar Fisher.
5. Vocal Solo—"As the Dawn".....*Canton*
Miss Annie Blair.
6. Oration—"The Grand Old Man,"
Alvah E. Lindley.
7. Oration—The Monro Doctrine,
Frank A. Watson.
8. Chorus—"Until the Dawn"*Parks*
Glee Club.
9. Delivery of Orator's Medal,
Hon. R. D. Douglas.
10. Delivery of Improvement Medal,
Hon. R. D. Douglas.

The contest was very close and the judges had no easy job to decide on the winner, Mr. Dudley D. Carroll. Mr. Guy Fisher had a well written and well delivered oration--The Self-Made Man. The judges were Hon. John T. Benbow, of Winston, and Hon. R. D. Douglas, of Greensboro, and Mr. Lacy L. Barbee, of Lexington. Mr. Douglas delivered both orator's and improvement medals.

The chief marshal, Mr. W. R. Pritchett, deserves mention for the taste used in decorating the stage. On a whole the contest was very commendable and did the society, which it represents, honor.

H.

THE MUSIC RECITAL.

The music recital on the evening of the 27th of May was a marked success. It was highly entertaining and showed the ability of those who took part in it and was especially creditable. Miss Watson deserves much honor for the training which must have been necessary to prepare for such an exhibition. The following program was very beautifully rendered:

1. Concert Waltz.....*Dudley Buck*
Chorus Class.
2. Second Mazurka.....*Godard*
Miss Eula Cotten.
3. Moonlight Will Come Again.....*Thompson*
Misses Watson and Hollowell.
Messrs. Denny and Wilson.
4. Midsummer's Night Dream.....*Mendelssohn*
Misses Outland and Watson.
5. Sing On*Denza*
Miss Annie Blair.
6. Take Back the Heart.....*Parks*
Messrs. Woolsey, Wilson, Frazier, and Moore.
7. Grace.....*Bohm*
Misses Cotten, Holland, Outland, Sparrow,
Hodgin, and Dicks.
8. Rondo Brillante.....*Weber*
Miss Dore Korner.
9. Hush Yo', Honey, Hush!.....*Parks*
Glee Club.
10. A Gypsy Maiden, I.....*Parker*
Miss Treva Jones.
11. Polka de la Reine*Raff*
Misses Korner and Hodgin.
12. Ave Maria.....*Mendelssohn*
Misses Blair, Jones, Outland, Hollowell, and Benbow.

W,

Exchanges.

F. B. HENDRICKS, '05, EDITOR.

In looking over the exchanges for the last time we are attracted by the gay appearance of the *Wake Forest Student*. The management of this journal deserve due credit for the success of its efforts to publish a number in a neat and attractive dress. It is, however, a little disappointing to find that its contents do not measure up to the high standard it has previously maintained. The high-class fiction usually found in the *Student* is in some measure wanting in this issue. We wish, nevertheless, to call attention to the story, "A Strange Reward," which in a pleasing manner tells of the sad fate of General Torry, the Commander of the Spanish forces at the battle of Santiago. The essay "A Plea for Latin and Greek," brings out forcefully the importance of these branches of study.

The May number of *The Collegian*, which is the first to come to our table, is a welcome visitor. We were much pleased with the story, "Jim Freeman," because of the fact that it gives us something different from that ordinarily seen in the average college paper. We agree with one of our contemporaries in saying that so long as girls are attractive, the average young man between the ages of 18 and 23 will continue to think and write about love. A slight acquaintance with college publications proves that this is the all-absorbing theme at present, and we have no cause to doubt that it will continue to be so. It is a fact, however, that even love, with all its capriciousness and subtlety becomes monotonous after a time as treated by the average college student. So it is that the above mentioned article comes as a relief. Instead of

love the story of daring and adventure told in a simple easy manner. Besides stories and essays, quite a number of short poems contribute greatly to the worth of *The Collegian*.

The State Normal Magazine is edited in a highly commendable manner. The editors of the various departments show a knowledge of what is necessary to make up a well-rounded college publication. The address by Dr. Winston and the article of Mrs. Winston on the life and work of Cornelia Phillips Spencer should be read by all those interested in North Carolina's educational interests as well as for the inspiration to be received from the portrayal of a pure, noble character. This magazine is fortunate in receiving such high-class contributions.

The College Message for May has a number of good short stories and poems. We wish to mention especially, "True to Her Country," and "The Girl in Green."

We beg to acknowledge receipt of the following: *St. Mary's Muse*, *The Penn Chronicle*, *The Oakwood Index*, *The Phoenix*, *Comenian*, *Brown Alumni Monthly*, *Onachita Ripple*. *The Crescent*, *The Criterion*, *The Red and White*, *Randolph-Macon Monthly*, *The Messenger*, *George School Ideas*, *The Haverfordian*, *Park School Gazette*, *The Earltamite*, *U. N. C. Magazine*, *Hamp-tonian*, *Oak Leaves*, *The Limestone Star*, *Davidson College Magazine*, *The Westonian*, *The Wilmingtonian*, *The Carolinian*, and *The Buff and Blue*.

